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FEBRUARY

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

Against - **RUTH M. MINER**

For - **FRANCES PERKINS**

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

FEBRUARY, 1935 VOL. 93, NO. 2

REVOLT AGAINST CRIME—II

Editorial Foreword

A MONTH AGO to-day I completed an editorial for the January issue of THE FORUM on the increase of crime in our country, in which I laid the blame on society, on ourselves, the right-minded but indifferent citizens, and not on the negligence of the police. The startling sequence to my editorial, in which its author came into violent contact with the underworld, has only confirmed my judgment. I take this occasion to thank warmly the many readers who have written me their sympathy.

That afternoon a month ago in my office, after I had okayed my editorial and written in the title, "The Revolt Against Crime," I put on my hat, rather content with the world, and set out on my usual four-mile walk around the reservoir in Central Park. Under the direction of Commissioner Moses this park is being transformed from an eyesore into an area of beauty. I am, however, under no delusion about its safety; usually I swing a big stick as I walk. But that day I was off my guard, absent-minded. Halfway around the reservoir, less than an hour after I finished the editorial, I was suddenly pinioned from behind and felled by a blow from a blunt object across my eyes. When I came to, I was able to see my assailant and later identify him from his photograph in the rogues' gallery. The lad who pinioned me from behind I did not see. They stripped me of cash and a gold watch, chain, and knife — an engagement present from my wife twenty years ago.

The footpads left me a bloody looking object but not seriously injured, and I was able to stagger on for half a mile until I met a Park policeman. He took me for first aid to the Reconstruction Hospital, and in due course a squad of grade-A detectives arrived by automobile from my precinct station and took me to my home. Here a physician kept me flat on my back for five days while a shift of nurses applied compresses to my eyes. The sixth day I was able to report to my office. It was a lucky escape. But real trouble had only begun.

FAST POLICE — SLOW COURTS

FIRST OF ALL I want to give unstinted praise to the detectives who identified my assailants. One of them is a veteran who bears in his forehead dents of bullets aimed at the President of the United States. These officers took up the vague trail immediately, worked on it two nights without sleep. Within forty-eight hours they had arrested the receiver of my jewelry and the lad who pinioned my arms from behind and had identified the robber who slugged my eyes. But the police were days, weeks, months ahead of the falter-

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ing course of justice in our courts. Usually the chief misfortune of a complainant in our courts is not his personal loss or injury but the long, laborious waste of time, the interference with the normal pursuit of his job to which he is subjected by our confused, muddle-headed system of justice.

As yet, of course, no judgment has been pronounced on any of the three alleged offenders. Against Exhibit A, the receiver of the stolen goods, I have twice been summoned to court, but each time the case has been adjourned after fruitless hours of delay. At present he is out on $3,500 bail.

My Exhibit B, the man who beat me up, is 22 years of age and of Sicilian descent. His picture is in the rogues' gallery; he was up for rape in 1931. As yet I have had to appear only once against this offender, before the New York County Grand Jury, where he was indicted for robbery in the first degree. This man is still at large, but a warrant permits his arrest on sight in any part of the United States. If this young offender were apprehended in England I believe he could be cured by being sent to a Borstal Institution, part of that admirable system of schools for training adult juvenile culprits. Alas! our New York reformatories are congested with confirmed criminals.

The case of Sicilians in American cities introduces the problem of heredity. Our slums do not make good citizens even out of the second or third generation, among which persists the loyal but pernicious Mafia tradition

Slums and the Movies

Finally my Exhibit C, the Italian lad of 18 who tackled me from behind, appears to come from a poor but respected and industrious family. His school record was only passable, but he did hold down a job satisfactorily for some time. He seems to be the victim of the other lad. Judging from the date and address book of ladies of salable virtue, which I picked up after the scuffle, their object in obtaining easy money from pedestrians in Central Park was to satisfy their sexual cravings. Again, if this youngster were in England the careful probation system developed there, with its assurance of scrutiny and an honest job, would probably give society adequate protection.

The vacillating course of a month of justice in the case of this boy is illustrative. The first magistrate before whom he appeared committed him in $7,500 bail. The second magistrate sent him without bail to the Tombs and to Bellevue Hospital for observation. The third stage was that of the Grand Jury, which indicted him for robbery in the first degree. The fourth move was his appearance before a higher magistrate, who let him out on $2,500 bail. I have appeared twice in his case and await now a summons to appear again in the Court of General Sessions.

Bad environment, rather than bad heredity, is the crying evil which has impaired this third offender. Although his family is honest he has been subjected to the sinister pressure of crowded life in the slums. The eradication of slums is possibly the outstanding duty of American society in its revolt against crime.

My hold-up illustrates also the sinister influence of bad motion pictures. The detectives informed me that every gesture used by those lads in incapacitating me, every expression from "Stick 'em up" to "pump him full of lead" were taken direct from the repertoire of motion pictures.

My daughter tells me that "not all movies are bad," and the other night she took me to a "good" one about a "little girl." The little girl did appear frequently and acted well, and there was nothing vicious about her. But what was the picture really about? The hero was her father, a lovable crook. The action was divided into three acts and taught the children in the audience how to do three tricks: first, how to get away from a hotel without paying one's bill; second, how to take jewelry from the jeweler's counter by concealing it in your handkerchief; and, third, how to steal the necklace from your hostess while she is holding a reception. And this was a high-grade movie!

The church group which is now boycotting bad motion pictures ought not to confine its attention to the so-called sex movies but to look out also for the movies in which violence and trickery get too glad a hand.

Henry Goddard Leach

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THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT

Against—RUTH M. MINER

For—FRANCES PERKINS

Beware the Amendment

BY RUTH M. MINER

Member of the Albany (N. Y.) County Bar

WITH EVERY intelligent, sincere endeavor to protect from harm any class of American citizens, and above all our children, there can be no quarrel. For any civilized American knowingly to countenance or encourage the exploitation of children by unscrupulous employers would be so barbarous and indefensible an attitude that it should be eliminated from all discussion.

But what should be searchingly discussed is whether or not there is now, at the advent of 1935, a real national child-labor evil or whether the tender sympathies of our people are being influenced by isolated stories of child oppression which does not at this hour exist. It is time for the American people to arouse its partially anæsthetized power of independent thinking and realize that a gigantic smoke screen of sentimental appeal is being thrown around it, while feverish haste is being made to ratify an amendment to our federal Constitution, which amendment is not only entirely unnecessary at the present time but is so totally unsuitable and potentially dangerous a proposition as to be eligible only for the limbo of theoretical panaceas.

The burden of establishing that there is a child-labor condition which can be adequately corrected only by an amendment to our federal Constitution lies primarily upon its proponents and must rest there until they have established by a reasonable preponderance of the evidence that such is the fact.

The amending of the federal Constitution is the most solemn, important, and sacred duty to which the minds of the American people can ever be addressed. It therefore follows, as night the day, that, unless there is unassailable evidence that there exists a national evil which can be corrected in no other way than by amendment, then the Constitution should remain untouched. Hence the proponents of the so-called Child Labor Amendment are not fair and honest with the people until they prove beyond equivocation that there is a nation-wide lack of adequate legislation to protect children in industry or that existing laws are not being properly administered. In addition thereto, they must likewise prove that the amendment proposed would adequately provide suitable legislation that would be successfully enforced.

This very minimum burden of proof proponents have not met. Rather, they wander off into a field of generalities that leave their hearers or readers perhaps stimulated to a renewed interest in children and their pursuits but without any proof of a condition that makes it imperative to amend the Constitution and without proof that the amendment would in any probability correct the alleged condition.

II

EXAMINE the facts regarding existing state legislation. Every state now has a child-labor law to protect its children. About forty states prohibit and forty-odd regulate the employment of persons under sixteen in dangerous occupations. Thirty-six states limit the industrial work of children to eight hours a day. All but four states prohibit night work in industrial employments for those under sixteen.

Every state now has a compulsory-education law, and in forty-one states the age requirement is sixteen, with certain few exemptions after fourteen and fifteen years of age. Twenty-

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six require a physician to pass on a child's fitness for work. In fact, the progress of the states towards safeguarding the welfare of children has been steadily progressive and highly encouraging during the past twenty years. The *Fifteenth Census Reports* states: "From 1920 to 1930 there was a marked and general decrease in the number and in the proportion of children returned as gainfully occupied from . . . 10 to 17 years old." To put it another way, 8.5 per cent of all children in 1920 were gainfully occupied, while in 1930 only 4.7 per cent were so engaged.

It has been said that the depression has increased the number of children employed in factories and other undesirable types of work. This is not so, either in fact or in theory. Everyone knows that when employers were compelled to lay off workers, they discharged first those who had been in their employ the shortest time. Consequently the great exodus from industry caused by the depression must necessarily have carried with it our youth. No employer, unscrupulous and unmoral though he might be, would attempt to cut production costs by hiring children, when millions of unemployed adults were willing to do any work at any price. Practically all unemployment problems came under the surveillance of local relief authorities. These authorities were governmental agencies, and we find, shortly after 1932, all government — federal, state, and local — assuming great credit for being the instrumentalities to restore our citizens to gainful employment. Can it be true then that the government is guilty of increasing child labor, by either putting children in employment itself or knowingly allowing children to be placed on payrolls before able-bodied parents? The conclusion is inevitable that either the child-labor problem has decreased or that government, with its FERA, CCC, TVA, CWA, PWA, etc., must answer for its increase since 1932.

Furthermore, there is nothing to which the present administration points with more pride than the provisions under the NRA affecting labor, and more especially children in industry. There are over five hundred codes, involving every industry, where the Administration felt there was need for the protection of child labor. If we are to credit the government with sincerity and sagacity, we have the right to assume that, where there is no code or no provision affecting child labor, there is no problem. The Secretary of Labor, Miss Frances Perkins, in public speech and press, has repeatedly claimed that child labor has been safeguarded under the code provisions. Thus, the Administration admits that in at least five hundred industries there is no problem. In fact, in one of his "fireside talks," the President said: "Child labor is abolished."

Let's take the government's own figures. The 1930 census shows that there were at that time 2,145,959 children gainfully employed in the United States between the ages of ten and seventeen years, inclusive. Mr. Wallace would permit the exclusion from this number of all but a few of the 975,568 employed in agriculture. Another 972,770 were sixteen and seventeen years of age. Since the majority of the NRA codes have used sixteen years as the maximum age limit, we may eliminate the sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds from our problem. Street trades, chiefly the delivery of newspapers, accounted for 23,845 more. This form of work is regulated by state and local legislation throughout the country. In fact, both the daily-newspaper code and graphic-arts code permit the children to sell and deliver newspapers. It is likewise conceded, for obvious reasons, that the number performing domestic and personal service about the home (46,145) may be ignored. This leaves only 126,069 children out of a total child population of 45,000,000 to care for as a so-called child-labor "problem." The federal census shows:

Children 10 to 15 years old gainfully employed

Industry	*10–13*	*14*	*15*	*Total*
Extraction of minerals	137	197	849	1,184
Mfg. & mechan.	4,761	14,384	49,121	58,266
Transport & communic.	583	1,831	6,303	8,717
Trade (ex. street trades)	3,519	22,251		25,770
Public service (Not otherwise classified)	143	88	254	485
Profess. services	969	1,147	2,728	4,844
Clerical occupations	703	2,856	13,244	16,803
			GRAND TOTAL	126,169

All of the above trades that are hazardous or harmful have, since this census, been brought within the protection of the government codes.

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III

BUT WHAT is also very pertinent and reassuring is that, according to the Administration, government has sat down with the trades and industries until all of the evils of business have been eliminated and all of its irritating and undesirable aspects smoothed away. In fact, it is asserted that one of the Administration's greatest achievements is not alone the fact of the elimination of the evil of child labor but the fact that, in the process, industry has seen the error of its ways and has left its consultations fully convinced that child labor is not only undesirable from a moral and humanitarian point of view but that it is economically and financially unsound for industry itself. In fact, Miss Perkins herself has said: "These codes are evidence of general recognition by management that the employment of child labor is not only socially undesirable but regarded costly in terms of efficiency, safety, maturity of judgment, and dependability."

If this be true, then industry, with the evil of ignorance lifted from its eyes, will never, for sound economic reasons, contemplate the employment of anything but adult workers.

Proponents often indulge in reference to certain hand-picked, isolated cases of the offensive use of children in industry. Do not be misled by this type of sophistry — these instances of themselves prove absolutely nothing and simply becloud the real issue, unless it is shown that the conditions of the illustration still exist and that the only remedy is an amendment to the federal Constitution. If the federal Constitution must be amended to correct each sporadic violation of law, then perhaps we should consider scrapping all of our statutes and turn to the Constitution for all our remedies. To apply this theory of remedy, where law has been violated, would throw us into a vortex of inextricable chaos, for, as a late president has said: "In the United States, life and property are less secure than in any civilized country."

The question, therefore, is not whether there was a so-called "baby strike" somewhere in Pennsylvania in 1933 but whether we need an amendment to the Constitution now to remedy a condition that no longer exists in Pennsylvania or in any other part of the country. Also, let it be borne in mind that the State of Pennsylvania has express provisions in its Labor Law (Section 7, Title 43, Purdans Pennsylvania Statutes Annotated), forbidding sweatshops and regulating places of employment. Pennsylvania likewise has strict child-labor laws to be effectuated by the issuance of licenses.

When we consider the matter of children in agriculture, we are met with a problem that proponents have, by their own position, eliminated from our consideration. Secretary Wallace says: "The amendment is directed at protecting children from industrialized, commercialized employment which endangers their health and interferes with their schooling."

Therefore, the existence of unhealthy labor conditions in certain parts of the country in specific types of industrialized agriculture has no bearing on our problem. This type of work is subject to the jurisdiction of the AAA and the NRA. Hence, isolated instances of any remaining vestige of undesirable conditions may be remedied by federal instrumentalities already in existence.

Even before the advent of the NRA, there were sound and feasible methods for securing national and uniform laws dealing with the problems covered by the codes. In fact, the American Bar Association and the commissioners on uniform state laws, both of which oppose the amendment, have long urged the adoption of a proposed uniform child-labor law. This manner of meeting problems, national in scope and requiring peculiar adaptions to meet regional differences, is already in existence. In fact, Miss Perkins, before her appointment to the President's Cabinet in 1932, herself sponsored and urged that such uniform legislation be adopted in the states and made no mention of the previously repudiated constitutional amendment.

Moreover, an "interstate compact" has been used recently in the Middle Atlantic and New England states as a means of eliminating jurisdictional competition in matters of minimum-wage and -hour agreements. Either of these means would accomplish all the good that could possibly be hoped for from congressional legislation, without involving the cumbersome instrumentalities and revolution-

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ary doctrines that the amendment entails, and would be capable of far more efficient and economical administration.

IV

THE ONLY question before us now is whether this amendment to the federal Constitution is imperative. This question must be addressed to the condition as it actually exists at the beginning of 1935 and at no other time. Should the amendment, as submitted in 1924 and for eleven years the object of contentious discussion, be ratified now when steady progress since 1924 has brought us to the point where even the 126,000 young people included in the last census are the beneficiaries of full governmental protection under the codes?

The very text of the amendment reveals it not only antiquated and unsuited to present conditions but also a vicious intrusion on our fundamental rights:

"The Congress shall have the power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age."

The language of the amendment is so sweeping in its terms and so completely unlimited in its scope that it opens the door for entire control of all persons under eighteen by a vascillating and politically constituted Congress. It gives Congress full inquisitorial powers into every aspect of the lives of such persons. Is this the type of power that is necessary to eliminate the alleged evil of child labor? Obviously, no! It is mere quibbling to say that Congress will not exercise the power. For the fact remains that the wording of the proposal does permit such power. If there is no need or desire for an unlimited exercise of the authority, certainly the proponents of the amendment should give us such a draft as includes only what they do want.

Proponents of the amendment admit that all kinds of fantastic interpretations are possible but would dispose of them as ludicrous with a mere wave of the hand. If the contemplation is ludicrous, why enact something into our Constitution which is capable of a ludicrous interpretation? If the administration has found it so convenient to protest that all it is interested in is "protecting children from industrialized and commercialized employment which endangers their health and interferes with their schooling," why not say so in the amendment? Proponents have made their own definitions and scoff at wide and chimerical interpretations. If the proposition is so easy of definition, by virtue of what logic should we enact an amendment concerning the exact meaning of which there are admittedly thousands of possible conflicting interpretations?

The responsibility for consolidating the present desirable condition of children in industry under the codes rests alone upon the coming Congress. Political debate may embroil many economic issues, but it is incredible that the Administration would allow the gains claimed by it through the codes to be compromised or jeopardized by a failure to enact sufficient legislation to perpetuate them. This is no time to ask us to believe that Congress will discard the acknowledged benefits in hand.

Eminent citizens interested in child welfare and humanitarian projects have recognized the evils of this amendment and have lent their support to the movement to defeat it. Among them are A. Lawrence Lowell, President Emeritus of Harvard University; Elihu Root; James Byrne, Chancellor of the University of the State of New York; Louis S. Levy; and Mrs. Charles H. Sabin.

Nicholas Murray Butler has pertinently said:

> It is now time to act, and every American citizen who cares for the preservation of his form of government, who is genuinely opposed to child labor in all its forms and is determined that the federal government shall not gain even nominal power over the family, the school, the home, or the church should see to it that every member of his state legislature is fully advised as to the overwhelming objections to this proposal. Point out to them the fact that it is President Franklin Roosevelt himself who has told the Congress: "Child Labor is abolished!"

It was never more imperative for the American people to heed the writing on the wall.

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A Necessary Safeguard

BY FRANCES PERKINS
United States Secretary of Labor

THE PERMANENT abolition of child labor has become a matter of important national policy. Universal agreement is professed as to the end to be attained, but differences of opinion as to the method whereby it is to be achieved have brought this policy into the field of public discussion.

The year 1935 will mark a definite stage in the history of federal action to protect American childhood from harmful labor. During this year the protection temporarily given to children under the codes will expire with the National Industrial Recovery Act, which was passed for a two-year period only. During this year, too, the legislatures of forty-four states will meet in regular session and will have the opportunity to complete the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution, thus authorizing Congress to establish minimum child-labor standards applicable throughout the entire country and also to extend and strengthen state child-labor legislation.

Experience has demonstrated the fact that child labor fluctuates with the business cycle. If federal safeguards now provided temporarily under the codes are removed, child labor will in some industries again be utilized by such employers as wish to keep immediate labor costs at the lowest possible level, and the great divergence in existing state standards will again result in unfair competition among employers in different sections of the country. If this happens, children in the states with high standards will receive protection and opportunities for healthful growth, education, and training, while children in other states will be handicapped by the prompt return of child employment, low wages, and long working hours.

History repeats itself. When the first federal child-labor law was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, states with lower child-labor standards than those set by the federal law experienced a prompt increase in the number of working children under sixteen and the immediate restoration of a longer working day. There was also, in a number of states, an appreciable increase in the violation of state laws. While the federal laws were in effect, many states took steps to improve their own child-labor laws and administrative practices. During the succeeding years legislative progress was much less rapid. Comparison of 1920 and 1930 census figures shows a general downward trend in the numbers of gainfully employed children during the decade. Yet, in 1929, reports on first working papers issued to fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys and girls in forty-two of our largest cities showed a four-per-cent increase over the preceding year in the number of children of these ages leaving school for work, per ten thousand total population of the same ages.

As business stagnation became more pronounced during the depression period, the nation was confronted with the tragic paradox of children leaving school to compete with their parents for any kind of a job at any kind of a price. Fly-by-night industries sprang up in many sections, threatening the standards of reputable employers. The sweatshop, which all had believed a thing of the past, reappeared, with exploitation of young boys and girls as its inevitable corollary. In some factories a large proportion of the labor supply was made up of workers under sixteen. Hours of work increased, children working as much as ten or twelve a day. Wages dropped to as low as a few cents an hour. It was in the spring of 1933 that conditions in some of the clothing factories in the Lehigh Valley of Pennsylvania became so oppressive that the child workers struck — the first "baby strike," as it was called, in this country.

Those who contend that child-labor regulation should be left entirely to the states find it difficult to explain why these conditions did not impel the states to take action. Strengthening of state laws had been recommended by a national conference of representatives of state departments of labor, national organizations, and federal agencies that had been held in Washington in December, 1932, on the call of the Children's Bureau. This conference recommended that the forty-seven state legislatures holding sessions in 1933 should enact laws providing for a sixteen-year minimum age for

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entering employment. To counteract the deplorable breakdown of standards on all sides, it was believed that real progress would be made. Yet, despite this concerted effort, only two states enacted laws providing for a sixteen-year minimum. Only four states — Ohio, Wisconsin, Utah, and Montana — now have a sixteen-year minimum age for entering employment. The majority of the states still retain the old fourteen-year minimum, and a few have a fifteen-year minimum for work during school hours.

Against this background it is interesting to consider the accomplishments under the National Industrial Recovery Act, with its more than five hundred codes of fair competition which, in general, set sixteen as the minimum age for industrial or commercial employment and seventeen or eighteen for employment in especially hazardous industries. A fourteen-year minimum is permitted for part-time work in certain mercantile pursuits during daytime hours when school is not in session. These codes, which are based on agreements between employers and the President, are evidence of general recognition by management that the employment of child labor is not only socially undesirable but economically costly, in the long run, in terms of efficiency, safety, maturity of judgment, and dependability.

II

THE FEDERAL Child Labor Amendment was submitted to the states by Congress in 1924 by a vote of 297 to 69 in the House and 61 to 23 in the Senate. It had the endorsement of all political parties. Participating in the drafting of the amendment were some of the ablest constitutional lawyers in the country. Among those helping to draft it were Senator George Wharton Pepper, of Pennsylvania; the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana; Senator Samuel M. Shortridge, of California; and Representative I. M. Foster, of Ohio.

The text of the amendment is as follows:

> Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.
>
> Section 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

It will be noted that, unlike the Eighteenth Amendment, this proposal contains no prohibition or regulation of the employment of children in the amendment itself. It merely empowers Congress to legislate in this field, and any law passed by Congress can be changed by a simple majority vote at any session. Nor does the amendment give Congress power to control the school and home lives of forty-five million children, as is sometimes contended by its opponents. Penalties for violation of child-labor laws fall on the employers of children, not on their parents. Only places where children are, to use the census language, "gainfully employed" — in other words, working for pay — come within the scope of a child-labor law. Labor legislation, as developed in the states and in limited fields of federal jurisdiction, has a recognized content which would exclude fantastic applications or interpretations of the powers which would be granted to Congress under the proposed amendment. All federal legislation, of course, is subject to review by the Supreme Court.

The amendment has now been ratified by twenty states: Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, Washington, West Virginia, and Wisconsin. Sixteen more ratifications are necessary. It is very important that the requisite number of states ratify promptly, so that the advances made under the National Industrial Recovery Act may be continued without interruption.

Some occupations, such as industrialized agriculture, in which children are employed in large numbers remain entirely outside the jurisdiction of the National Industrial Recovery Act. For example, a study made by the Departments of Labor and Agriculture and the Federal Emergency Relief Administration, following the strikes in Ohio onion fields last summer, revealed eighteen per cent of the workers to be under sixteen and ten per cent under fourteen years of age. These were not children working on their parents' farms but hired hands in commercialized agriculture, working at wages so low that often the combined earnings of a family totaled less than $250 a year.

Opponents of the Child Labor Amendment

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have sought to arouse farmers against it, on the ground that it will prohibit children from helping their parents on the farm and in the home, in feeding the chickens, bringing in the cows, washing dishes, and doing other chores. It is inconceivable that a Congress responsible to the people, who have an opportunity, through congressional elections, for frequent review of its acts, would pass laws of this kind. As Secretary of Agriculture Wallace said:

> Coming from an agricultural state I am familiar with the attempts of opponents of the amendment to arouse farmers against it on the ground that farm boys and girls would no longer be permitted to help with the chores and that the parents' authority over their children would be seriously impaired. Of course this is nonsense, and every fair-minded person who knows anything at all about the proposed amendment knows that it is nonsense. . . . The amendment ought to be adopted.

The amendment would authorize Congress to legislate only with reference to the labor of persons under the age of eighteen years, whereas certain provisions of state laws relating to the employment of minors apply to all under the age of twenty-one. Under the proposed amendment Congress will be able to give boys and girls under eighteen the protection against employment in hazardous occupations that has been given by the National Industrial Recovery Act codes.

Perhaps, of all the arguments advanced against the amendment, the claim that it was inspired by communists is the most incomprehensible. It would seem to indicate, however, that those who can no longer win by logic or legal argument seek to win by fear. The red herring of communistic influence was utilized in much of the literature circulated last year in opposition to the amendment. The assertions made in some of this literature are easily disproved, for the record is clear, but many fair-minded people who read misleading statements and misquotations have no opportunity to discover the facts for themselves.

For example, chief responsibility for drafting the amendment has been attributed to the late Florence Kelley. While Mrs. Kelley made an outstanding contribution to the whole movement for improvement of child-labor conditions and was deeply interested in the amendment, the wording of the amendment was developed in conferences of constitutional lawyers, members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and members of a committee of distinguished men and women headed by the late Samuel Gompers.

The late Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, gave one of the briefest and best arguments in favor of the Child Labor Amendment in an address before the Society of Harvard Dames, when he said:

> I am surprised at the illogical character of the arguments set up by the intelligent and experienced persons who are protesting against the Child Labor Amendment. That amendment does nothing but provide that Congress shall have the power to pass laws concerning child labor which shall apply to the whole country. That power seems to me to be absolutely indispensable to the correct, sound, orderly management of the whole subject of child labor and its confessed evils.

The American Legion has given vigorous and effective assistance in the campaign for the ratification of the amendment. In its recent convention at Miami it reaffirmed its endorsement. The American Federation of Labor has always been one of its principal sponsors. The support of these organizations, the effective leadership of the National Child Labor Committee, the efforts of twenty-two other national organizations, including civic, welfare, educational, religious, and labor groups, and a large number of the nation's most distinguished citizens in every walk of life working for the amendment should insure success in 1935. Ratification by the necessary sixteen states will make permanent the great gains for children achieved under the National Recovery program.

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FIGHTING COMMUNISTS IN CHINA

BY MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK

One who has never traveled in interior China has little or no conception of what modern aviation means to this country. It means that one can travel from Shanghai to Kiukiang in central China in three hours instead of three days. It means that a letter posted in Shanghai for Chungking, up the gorges of the Yangtze River, arrives in two days instead of two weeks as formerly. It means that the far northwest of Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan can be reached in three days instead of four *months*. Mail and passengers are now carried over more than six thousand miles of air routes in China. Nor is that all. It means victory over the communist-bandits of Kiangsi. Recently it meant the crushing of the Fukien rebellion in less than two months. No other country on the face of the earth has stepped so quickly out of the medieval story book into the twentieth-century airplane.

We were making rapid progress in Kiangsi, and our army seemed about to clear up the whole bandit area when the Fukien rebellion started. It is misleading to refer to it as a rebellion of Fukien, because it was unsupported by the people of that province. A revolutionary government without even the support of *students* is something new in China. A Reuter's man told me that he asked Eugene Chen, the so-called Foreign Minister of this "People's Government of Fukien," to name him one Fukienese who could be said to support the new régime. He named dear old Admiral Sah, but a subsequent interview showed that any support that could be claimed from him was due to *force majeure*. It was a rebellion sponsored by politicians connected with the leaders of the 19th Route Army, then stationed in Fukien. At that, most of the soldiers were unwilling to turn against the government but were helpless in the hands of their superior officers, who curiously enough were not Fukienese. The 19th Route Army made itself famous by participating in the gallant defense of Shanghai against the Japanese, but infamous by this rebellion against its own national government. The short-lived government set up in Fukien was a fiasco, but the tragedy of it lay in its inopportune interruption of the imperative task of bandit suppression in Kiangsi, the heart of communist activities.

A Christmas Journey

I accompanied my husband to Fukien. On Christmas Day we traveled over one thousand *li*, partly by air and partly by the new military road he had built after the Fukien trouble started. We arrived at Puchen over the Fukien border after two hours in the air and eight hours by motor car from Hangchow.

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During that time we had crossed the boundaries of Chekiang, Kiangsi, and Fukien, and I was so weary from being jolted and bumped over the rough road through the most mountainous part of eastern China that I could scarcely hold up my head.

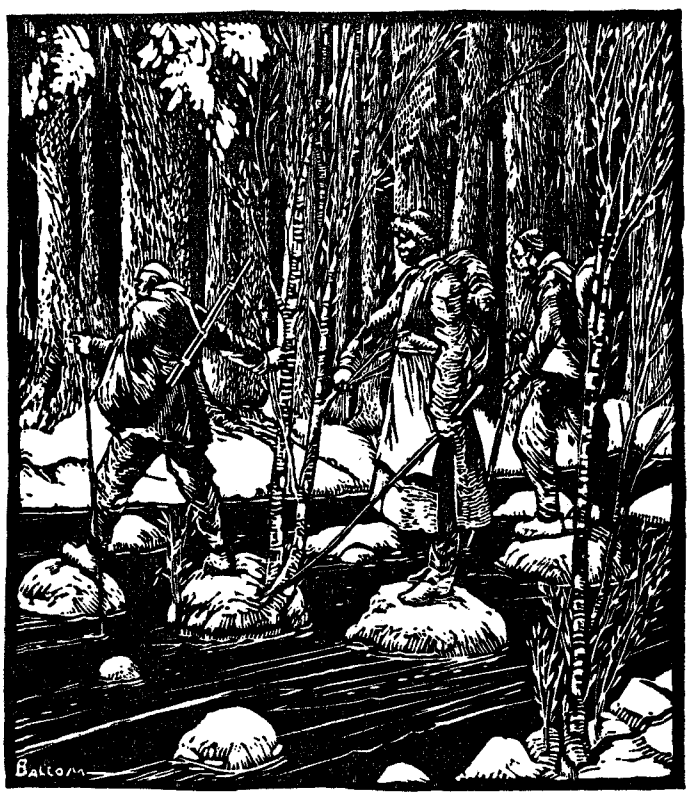
In spite of my weariness I marveled at the scenery. It was gorgeous, unlike anything I have ever seen. I know your Rockies. They are rugged and majestic. But Fukien has range upon range of mountains covered with delectable foliage, thousands upon thousands of fir trees in their Christmas green, brightened here and there, in startling contrast, by a single candleberry tree of flaming red. To think that a road had been built through this mountainous region within a month's time! Considering the topography of the region and the rapidity of accomplishment, experts regard it as a Herculean task. Whole sides of mountains were cut through by hand labor. To be sure, thousands of men were employed, working in three shifts per day. It was also a rough country road. But it was there.

Sometimes the road passed through a cut so narrow and deep that the mountains almost toppled over on us. I thought of the pass of Thermopylæ and wondered if it were like this. Again we motored along the edge of a plateau where the least swerve would have flung us over the precipice. Parts of the highway were still under construction, and the steep gradings seemed almost perpendicular. It was not until we had reached our journey's end that I realized how dangerous the trip had been and how great the strain. Then my husband began to reproach himself for submitting me to such hazards. Fortunately in times of actual danger one does not feel as acutely as in retrospect.

To illustrate this, I am reminded of an incident which occurred at field headquarters in Kiangsi recently in the dead of night. Suddenly we heard the crack, crack, crack of several hundred shots from the direction of the city wall. What had happened? The General was up instantly, calling me to dress hurriedly. He ordered the secret-service men to investigate. The shots became more frequent, more insistent. Shivering with cold, in the feeble candlelight I threw on my clothes and sorted out certain papers which must not fall into enemy hands. I kept them within reach to be burnt if we had to leave the house. Then I took my revolver and sat down to wait for what might come. I heard my husband giving orders for all available guards to form a cordon, so that we could shoot our way out if we were actually surrounded by communists.

We did not yet know what was happening outside but we did know that the enemy had been close-pressed lately and was desperate. Just a few days before, our army at Chung-wu-tu had defeated the 1st Army Corps of the communists, and the head of Lu Ping-Wei, the communist Commander in Chief, had been severed from his body by his own men and brought as a mark of surrender to the government forces.

After an hour reports came back that a portion of the enemy troops had staged a surprise attack under cover of darkness, knowing that only a few hundred sentries guarded the city wall. While we were in apparent danger I was not frightened. I had only two things on my mind: the papers giving information of our troop movements and positions and the determination, should I be taken captive, to



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shoot myself. I would prefer death to the fate of women who fall into the hands of bandits. But, fortunately, the attack was repelled, and we went back to sleep.

Plum Blossoms for Luck

A month later we were in Puchen within the borders of the province to the south. Isolated little city! Until the road I have described was built, the city had little communication with the outside world. Devious footpaths through almost impassable mountains did not encourage travel. The people belonged to another age. I saw there costumes like those of my great-grandmother and the elaborate hairdressing of a century ago.

On New Year's Eve, my husband and I took a walk in the surrounding mountains. We discovered a tree of white plum blossoms, flowering profusely. What an omen of good luck! In Chinese literature the five petals of the winter plum portend the five blessings of joy, good luck, longevity, prosperity, and (to us most desired of all) peace! The General carefully plucked a few branches and carried them home. When our evening candles were lighted, he presented them to me in a little bamboo basket — a New Year's gift. The plum blossoms had looked graceful and lovely on the tree, but massed in the basket by candlelight they took on an indescribable beauty, their shadows on the wall making clean, bold strokes like those of the great Ming artist, Pah Dah Shan Run. Perhaps you can see why I am willing to share the rigors of life at the front with my husband. He has the courage of the soldier, and the sensitive soul of the poet.

Our troops advanced daily, and at the end of a week my husband left for Kien-Ur, a point farther south. It took him only an hour by military plane, but the trip was bitterly cold and hazardous, so he wired me to proceed by sampan. Do you know what a sampan is like? Twenty feet long, by six feet wide, it is a shallow-bottomed boat, usually propelled by two boatmen, with room for two or three passengers in the covered mid-section. I had with me my American nurse, my woman secretary, an amah, men servants, and guards. Since we numbered altogether about sixty or seventy, we had five sampans and five bamboo rafts.

The bamboo raft, too, is an interesting invention. Made of eight thick bamboo poles tied together with bamboo peel, it resembles nothing so much as a huge toboggan sled. The likeness is increased by the fact that the front end of the raft is heated until pliable and then bent upward, curving gradually to an angle of forty-five degrees, so that it can take the water smoothly and rapidly.

Our guards walked along the river banks. These rivers of Fukien have rapids in places and water so shallow in others that the trip is full of exciting moments. Through shallow waters the boatmen pole the sampans from rock to rock or push them along the shore with bamboo poles steel-hooked at the ends. So frequently did we scrape the rocks or hit against the boulders of the rapids that one of the boats burst open against a sharp, jagged rock, splitting its sides. My sampan sprang a leak, but the damage was less serious. At that we were kept busy bailing out the water and stuffing the hole with absorbent cotton.

These little boats have a bamboo-matting cover amidships. At night, by rigging up padded cotton curtains, it is like a little cabin with some degree of privacy. During the day, however, this little room must be kept open at both ends so that the boatmen can look ahead or behind as they pole the boat. For my bed some planks were laid along one side, on which my

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mattress was placed. I used this narrow berth for bed by night and seat by day. The other three women had to spread their bedding in the bottom of the boat.

Our quarters were cramped enough, but we felt safer together. Though the guards stood on duty, our boats had to tie up during the night in the bandit-infested country. In the early evening we would restore warmth to our half-frozen bodies by gathering rush and making huge bonfires on the rocky bank, where we thawed out tingling toes. The glow warmed our hearts as well and lit up the whole countryside. We were not unaware that the bonfire might attract unwelcome attention to our party, but encountering bandits seemed then a lesser evil as compared to frost and hunger pangs.

The two boatmen in our sampan were brothers, the younger an engaging youth of nineteen summers. He beamed and sang more lustily each day to please me. These two had a tune, the younger asking a question in a sort of chant, the other replying antiphonally. For example, when we came to a bend in the river, the younger would sing: "Hey ho, how is the wa-water cur-ur-urr-ving, hey ho?"

And the older at the front of the boat would respond: "Yay ho ya, ho, a-a-a-ll ri-i-ight, bu-but kee-eep stead-yyyy, yay ho, ya ho!"

Then when they came to a particularly difficult place they would heave to with all their strength while chanting in unison, "Yay ho, he, ho, care-ful!"

The first night we moored near the home of these two boatmen. When we made camp they came to me and said, "Tai-tai [Respected Lady], will you and all your party honor us at the evening meal?" Considering that besides rice the only food they would have for supper probably was that which they held in their hands — a bunch of green onions and a pound of pork — how could I accept their invitation? I finally pleaded fatigue but promised to send an aide-de-camp to thank them after supper. Thus was the situation saved. They had not lost face, and I had not failed in courtesy.

Death and Devastation

The distance my husband flew in less than an hour took four days and nights by small boat. Towards the last lap of this journey we passed through areas still actively infested with scattered bands of roving bandits. The General sent additional guards to meet us. Fortunately, we met with no mishap. At night, however, I could scarcely sleep, haunted as I was by the deserted farms and ravaged villages I saw during the day. After being cramped for hours in the sampan I would frequently get out and cut across the hills on foot, rejoining our little fleet several miles beyond. Desirous of not attracting attention, I would take only two or three plain-clothes men with me and leave the other guards behind.

On these walks I passed through many villages, often completely deserted. Sometimes there would be a little life. More often they were dead to all intents and purposes, for I could not find a single human being or animal in sight. Silence, like a thick pall, hung over the empty houses. The only sound in all the village was the tap, tap of my walking stick and the pad of our footsteps on the cobblestones of the one long street. Vacant houses stood with doors gaping wide. Inside mutilated pieces of furniture sprawled in confusion. The walls were scorched and blackened from hurried attempts to destroy them, mute testimony to the relentless fury of the marauders.

Everything that could not be carried away had been damaged. Devastation and death silently pervaded the whole hamlet. A Chinese village is full of life, movement, and rhythm — the cries of hawkers, the laughter of children, good-natured jostling of people in the street, the grunting of pigs running at large. But here not even a lean dog was in sight. Emptiness, desolation, desertion. Why? The communist-bandits had descended, raided the town, killed

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the aged, carried off the able-bodied and the women. A few perhaps had escaped.

Into the open fields I hurried. I could not bear to linger in the village. But again! Instead of swaying fields of golden grain, I found here a stubble of blackened roots, there a heap of broken tiles, and, beyond, barren wasteland as far as the eye could see. The tiller of the soil may have been killed by the bandits. If lucky, he may have escaped with a hen tucked under either arm, a bundle of bedding on his back, and wife and children following at his heels with a few earthen pots and bowls. This is not a flight of imagination on my part. I have seen not merely hundreds but tens of thousands of my countrymen in Kiangsi trudging thus toward refugee camps.

Field after field of barrenness passed. More villages emptied of all life. I tried to read the character of the people in the traces left behind. I have known empty houses to speak of happiness, of joy transplanted. But with each scene horror accumulated, until I had only an overwhelming desire to escape.

The next day the motion of the swaying sampan made me seasick, and again I walked. We passed through a village where a few old men were basking in the sun.

"Where are the people of the village?" I asked.

They continued to gaze into space. At long last one answered listlessly.

"The communists have been here!"

Then after another silence, as though loath to speak:

"Some of the people have been killed. Some were carried away. Some escaped, heaven knows where! We were too old and weary, so we hid beneath the straw and we are left."

They alone were there to tell the tale.

Later that same day I was walking alone when I heard a guard say, as I passed a camphor tree:

"What a wonderful coffin that would make!"

In any other country the remark would have seemed incongruous, a superficial comment in a spirit of levity. Not so in China. The Chinese coffin cut from huge slabs of wood, the more massive the better, is literally a longevity article. If presented to the ill it will propitiate the spirits. If prepared for the aged it assures a feeling of peace and tranquillity.

Just at that moment I stubbed my toe. Over what? A piece of ancient *crème glacée* perhaps? When the Nanking airdrome was built a few years ago, antiques were dug up, some of them a thousand years old. They are now in the provincial museum. Perhaps I had stumbled on some such antique. I stooped to see. It was almost an antique but it was not a vase. It was a human skull.

Soon we passed a small pagoda. In its shadow lay the body of a young man. At first I did not know he was dead. His eyes were open, and beside him lay his staff and a basket of smoldering charcoal. He looked ill and emaciated. Turning to one of my guards, I said:

"Go to that sick man and see what we can do to help." In a moment, he turned back to me and said, "He is already dead!"

I thought we would report the case in the next village, but it too proved an empty shell.

Thus everywhere we were reminded of death. And this in a province rich in fertile soil and blessed beyond many with hills and valleys and rivers and trees. All had been devastated by the hand of man grown cruel and merciless beyond belief.

Victory was ours in less than two months in Fukien, partly because of modern aviation. Victory is in sight in Kiangsi as I write. But when the rebellious army has been brought to terms and the communist-bandits have been forced from their mountainous strongholds that is not the end of the problem. A long, slow process of rural rehabilitation must be undertaken if the people who have lost land and property and farm animals and household possessions (meager as they were) and gallant spirit are to be enabled to carry on again in the fundamentally important task of wresting a livelihood from mother earth. In this task the government and all philanthropic organizations are co-operating. Experts are working with us on this rehabilitation program, and we are pushing ahead in a glorious enterprise. It will not make front-page news but it will mean a contented peasantry. The army has done its part. Modern aviation has immeasurably facilitated its success. Now comes a long, steady pull. Where a nation's people are contented, seeds of so destructive a type of communism as we have seen in China do not readily take root.

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DEATH ON THE HIGHWAY—I

BY RUSSELL HOLT PETERS

THE PUBLIC state of mind induced by our failure to attain reasonable highway safety is beginning to bear a striking and startling resemblance to the hysteria which put the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution. Incredible though it may appear, one cannot escape this conclusion after a study of our traffic problem.

You will recall how law after law was created to save the fool from his liquor. The great and futile climax was, of course, the Eighteenth Amendment. Now we are enacting law after law and ordinance after ordinance to save the fool from his automobile. And, learning nothing from our prohibition experiments, we are doing a slovenly job of enforcing these laws after we get them. Unless something is done, we shall follow the logical cycle of increasing legal harshness until we culminate in a prohibitory law which will fall heavily upon the innocent, and be disregarded by the guilty.

You think I exaggerate? I don't believe so. I don't believe it possible to exaggerate a situation in which speed governors for all pleasure cars or laws requiring manufacturers to build vehicles incapable of high speed can be seriously suggested as solutions of our traffic problems. Yet *Motor*, national trade journal of automobile dealers, solemnly warns its readers of such proposals, which may become actualities if our high death toll persists.

The length to which constituted authority can go in regulating traffic is well exemplified by recent English practices. A number of warning lights have been erected at crossings widely used by pedestrians, and where those lights exist the pedestrian has the absolute right of way. The result has been exactly what any farsighted person could have foreseen. Pedestrians have abused their privilege by making no attempt to move briskly across the street, and traffic at these corners has been brought practically to a standstill by drivers who, shorn of their reasonable rights, are afraid to do more than crawl across them. The upshot was a recent raid on all of the offending lights by a group of irate motorists who shot them out. For a nation so inherently law-abiding as England, this is nothing less than a national scandal. For the motorists of the United States, it is a warning of what can be done to burden traffic when authorities are sufficiently aroused.

Perhaps you aren't conversant with our current highway records. Perhaps you don't know that the traffic death toll for 1934 will run around 36,000 when the figures are all in. Ten years ago 21,628 died in traffic accidents. Since then, with only one interruption, the number of dead has steadily increased until, at the end of 10 years, you find nearly 300,000 persons have been killed because of automobiles and their operation. I hesitate even to estimate the number of millions who have been injured, but you will get some idea when you know that the number hurt in 1934 stands at 1,000,000. Put the 10-year total at around 10,000,000 and you won't be far wrong.

War was never like this. In 10 years we have killed with our automobiles about 6 times as many Americans as the battle casualties of the American Expeditionary Force. In fact you can add together the American death toll of every war in which this nation has been engaged, including the Civil War, and the automobile in 10 years is still the greatest man-made killer we have ever known.

RACING WITH DEATH

IT IS IRONIC that the automobile, which has brought us such great pleasure, can at the same time bring us such pain. It is even more ironic when you realize how each year the manufacturers increase the safety factors of

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their vehicles in a futile effort to turn down the rising curve of accidents. There is only one answer to the paradox of safer cars and increasing fatalities: the human factor.

Having pinned the blame squarely on the man behind the wheel, it is pertinent to inquire into his errors which lead to disaster. First and foremost is speed. That may sound like an old story. Speed was a culprit back in the days of the high-wheeled bicycle. We have always lived in terror of speed, while making it increasingly welcome. But so long as we push the needle higher on our indicators we must reckon with speed. And each year we go a trifle faster. Speed has never been more abundant and less expensive. A few years ago if you wanted speed in your automobile you had to pay a thumping price for it. I speak with authority. In the days when cars capable of 80 miles an hour were a curiosity, I bought one. It was a rather fantastic creation with two small seats and pistons big as pie plates. Whenever I roared to a stop in a small town crowds would gather. I, who should have been an object for commiseration, was an object of envy. It was almost worth the $40 I spent every month in repairs to keep that thing going.

Nowadays you will have difficulty in buying a car which doesn't claim a speed of at least 80 miles an hour. Whether it will run that fast is unknown to me. I got over my 80-mile gait some years ago. But there are a number of motorists on the road who are still trying to come within hailing distance of the average speeds on the Indianapolis race track. Worse, a few shortsighted manufacturers who know better are lending them encouragement by stressing speed in their advertising.

Speed maniacs? Certainly. But don't be too complacent. Perhaps you are, unwittingly, a speed maniac yourself. In fact I should say the chance of your so being is at least 100 to 1. Somewhere there must be a motorist who has never boasted of his time on a trip, but I have yet to meet him. Investigate for yourself. The best time is in the early autumn after all your friends have returned from their vacations. Drop in on a group of them and tell them you did the last 50 miles home in an hour flat. It is like dropping a match in a pan of gasoline. You have turned what was probably a peaceful evening into a madhouse while every one of them explains how fast he came home. Or, if one came at a decently sane speed, he sheepishly apologizes. When peace is at last restored you will find the proudest man there is he who came fastest.

Recently an Iowa college professor with some claim to a knowledge of highway conditions announced that 80 miles an hour, under certain favorable circumstances, could be negotiated in comparative safety. You may believe him, but I should prefer you to believe the traffic experts of one of our big insurance companies. Each year that organization makes a study of highway accidents. It speaks as an authority when it says "the rate of speed of automobiles has been stepped up considerably in the last six years and it is safe to assume that this one specific factor has been largely responsible for the 17-per-cent increase in deaths since 1927, when registrations were less than 3 per cent under the number of 1933 cars in use."

Continuing, this company reports:

> The number of serious non-fatal injuries from automobile accidents last year comprised a larger total of all non-fatal injuries than in 1932. This fact may be taken as a further indication that a good many cars involved in accidents in 1933 were driven at a higher rate of speed than in 1932.
>
> Only the rates of death per accident at street intersections and between street intersections were less than the average for all accidents combined in 1933. But the rate of death per accident which occurred between street intersections was 67 per cent worse than at street intersections. *This difference can be attributed to the higher speeds which usually prevail between intersections.*
>
> At rural intersections the death rate per accident exceeded the average for all accidents combined by nearly 20 per cent and was 144 per cent greater than the death rate per accident at street intersections. *The higher speeds which prevail on highways account for this difference.*
>
> On highways the rate of death per accident was 118 per cent greater than the average for all accidents combined and was 167 per cent greater than the death rate per accident between street intersections. *Just another example of the high price of too much speed.*
>
> On curves the death rate per accident was 126 per cent greater than the average for all accidents combined. Yet drivers will continue to try to pass on curves. At railroad crossings the death rate per accident was nearly 700 per cent worse than the average for all accidents combined. *Another tribute to the pagan of haste, which is just another word for too much speed for time and place.*
>
> Between street intersections and at street intersections 573,200 accidents resulted last year [1932] in 14,320 deaths. Between rural intersections and on

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highways 139,880 accidents resulted in 11,130 deaths. The rate of death per accident on the highways was 219 per cent greater than on city streets.

Speed does not pay!

Perhaps at this point you would like to interrupt and ask why we don't let persons in a legitimate hurry take an airplane or a streamlined train and clamp governors on our amateur Barney Oldfields. Or, as suggested earlier, prohibit the manufacture of fast cars. To this I can reply only that speed in its relation to motor cars is much misunderstood. It has been subjected to an amazing amount of muddy thinking. Manufacturers who tell you their cars will travel in the neighborhood of 90 miles an hour and leave you with a mental picture of getting to your favorite vacation resort in less time than it takes to lock up the house would do much better to explain why their cars are so fast and why they don't expect you to use that speed.

This sounds absurd. It isn't, for speed secured through efficient engineering means economy, long life, greater comfort, and, believe it or not, greater safety. Economy results because more efficient design permits you to achieve normal speed with less expenditure for fuel. Longer life is produced because your car is always operating well within its capacity. Greater comfort comes from the absence of strain inherent in underpowered cars. If you have ever driven one of the tiny vehicles England produces to escape exorbitant taxes, you will know exactly what I mean. And latent speed may be invaluable in pulling you out of a tight corner.

To put it another way, speed in our motor cars is like certain poisons useful to health in small doses but fatal when you take the entire bottle. The answer to speed is the same as the answer to the poison; we must rationalize its use. In this view traffic experts concur. Later I shall tell you their program of rationalization.

The Arrogance of Cylinders

However, don't pin the blame on speed for all our traffic accidents. It has a number of accomplices, and one of them is downright bad manners. Speed is the killer, but bad manners run it a close race in the accident figures. It is a little difficult to explain why so many of us, when behind the wheel, are guilty of so many dangerous discourtesies. We Americans, after all, are a kindly mannered and reasonably thoughtful race. But you will have difficulty in proving it to our traffic policemen. I suspect the reason for the boorishness of so many drivers lies in a charming feature of the automobile never discussed in a manufacturer's advertisement. It is, in short, the automobile's ability to overcome the much-discussed inferiority complex. Put me at the throttle of a 12-cylinder car, and I am the equal of all men and the superior of most on the highway.

It doesn't matter a whoop if the fellow I just passed in the old Doofunny Six outweighs me 75 pounds. I can cut in on his front fenders, I can scare him over to the shoulder, I can throw dust in his face, and he can't do a thing about it. That must be something like the subconscious thought of too many thousands of drivers.

In any event it is a reasonable explanation for the driver who clings to the center of the road for his Sunday-afternoon jaunt, thereby lining up faster vehicles who duck — out and back and out and back — to get around him, to the extreme danger of themselves and all who come near them. And, while this goes on, the Pharisee responsible for this situation is congratulating himself that he is not like other men who must travel at more than 20 miles an hour. It must account for the driver who can't be bothered with stop signs. It is even a good explanation for those of us who pull away from the curb without looking back.

And as for the pedestrian — heaven help him if he encounters one of those drivers who would contest the crossing with the devil himself and end up in the hospital claiming he had the right of way. Not that the pedestrian is as guiltless as he would have you believe. Of the 36,000 killed in 1934 nearly 18,000 were pedestrians. It is inconceivable that there were not some among that number who threw their lives away as deliberately as a man with a gun and a suicidal mania. I am referring to pedestrians who cross in the middle of the street because the foot lanes are half a block away; to pedestrians who set their jaws and move slowly across the line of traffic with a hit-me-if-you-dare look in their eyes; and finally and

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tragically to the tiny pedestrians who are not pedestrians at all but children playing in the street or running to the grocery store.

It would be a godsend if every motorist would repeat to himself, not less than 12 times a day, "Children playing are not thinking human beings." If he did he would pass every group on the sidewalk with his car and his mind under control. And we would no longer have to report the death of nearly 4,000 children annually as a result of the automobile.

It would be equally pleasant if pedestrians who are minding their business and pursuing their way in a legal manner didn't have to scramble because of some drivers who believe asphalt is laid for their exclusive use. Even in my most kindly moments I find it difficult to dig up a good word for a motorist who can charge down on elderly women and send them flying in a swirl of petticoats because he is hurrying nowhere. Somehow this type of driver reminds me of those sportsmen who wait until the ducks get well settled on the water before pulling the trigger. It has always seemed reasonable to me, if we are going in for hunting pedestrians, that the very least we can do is to go after the able-bodied.

The Fatal Combination

Speed-crazed motorists, bad-mannered motorists, careless pedestrians — they all contribute to make motoring the most dangerous sport we know. Nevertheless, with a certain effort, you may find some good in every one of them. And that is more than you can do for the driver who drinks so much he can no longer make his legs serve him and turns to his car to get home. Make no mistake about it, the drunken driver is a potential killer, and should be treated as such. Unfortunately, in my community at least — and I suspect in yours — he is on the increase.

I do not pretend to know why this should be so. Blame it on repeal if you like, but I can give no corroborating facts to help you. I cannot even give you figures on the number of accidents in which the cause could be traced directly to an intoxicated driver. But I am sufficiently impressed by his ability to cause an accident to stay off the streets after midnight on Saturday, whenever possible.

What you are going to do with him is another puzzle. In my state it is mandatory upon judges to sentence all motorists found guilty of driving while intoxicated to 30 days in jail. They also forfeit their operating licenses for a year. I can readily recall the passage of this law. I was one of thousands who hailed it as a first-rate achievement. Perhaps it was. Nevertheless, you would be amazed at the number of drivers who take their 30 days. My newspaper to-night reports 4 in to-day's traffic court. That is not unusual.

At a recent meeting of the National Safety Congress, Captain John P. Smith, Superintendent of Police in Detroit, told delegates: "America has jumped from the frying pan of Prohibition into the fire of fast and reckless driving." He warned the Congress that the increased use of liquor by both drivers and pedestrians, together with a rapid rise in the speed of city-driven vehicles, is directly responsible for higher accident figures. I assume from this that my city is much like many others in its drunken-driver problem. You may reasonably assume your city, too, is facing the same problem.

Worse, the number of convictions is not a true indication of the number arrested for driving while intoxicated. It is difficult for a policeman to prove a driver drunk. There is supposed to be a fine line between the driver with a drink under his belt and the driver who sees so many red lights he believes himself in a neon factory. That fine line means the difference between 30 days and freedom.

What are you going to do with fellows who can't think for themselves yet climb into a vehicle which can't think for them? I repeat, I don't know, although I suspect more rigid enforcement of the laws and fewer pardons by soft-hearted mayors might help. However, I do know some of the answers to some of the other causes of traffic accidents. In them, perhaps, lies the solution of the drunken-driver puzzle. I'm not at all sure about that but I am sure they are capable of bringing greater safety to our streets and highways.

This is the first of two articles by Mr. Peters on traffic safety.
In the second he will discuss a program designed to check our automobile death rate.

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PERSONALITY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY*

BY MARY M. COLUM

As one reads Dr. Charles Macfie Campbell's book, *Human Personality and Environment*, and comprehends all that goes to make up a human being — the inheritance, the original endowment, the environments — psychic, physical, chemical, social, and cultural — one cannot help wondering if all formal biography is not really folly. For what can any biographer know of his subject? If we are formed at one level by glands and nervous secretions and at another by influences from all the people we meet and know, how can any outside mind ever comprehend the mystery of personality or understand anybody's motives for anything? If a biographer is thoroughly equipped to understand the psychic environment of his subject it is of no great avail unless he can also understand the physico-chemical environment and the myriad secrets of education and personal relationships. And taking all these into account there is the further mystery that nobody born of woman seems yet to have achieved complete consciousness. A really conscious man would be the greatest portent we could at present imagine — he would be either a monster or a demi-god.

Nevertheless, not so long ago there were few men who would have thought of questioning their own consciousness. Now some knowledge of modern discoveries in psychology is so widespread that probably no educated man believes himself to be wholly conscious. In everyday existence we meet some people who seem to be more conscious than others, some who seem to have advanced a long way towards complete consciousness, and some who have only the dim consciousness of an intelligent domestic animal. Perhaps a future age will decide that this spreading awareness of the unconscious was what, more than anything else, upset the world in the twentieth century. Perhaps it will be agreed that the old, secure world ended not with the war, but began its disintegration with Dr. Charcot's investigation into hidden personality and conscious and unconscious mind in the middle of the nineteenth century at the Salpêtrière near Paris. For up to that time civilization was really built round the idea of the conscious man: all our codes of ethics and manners and morals had him for center. But when Charcot, that great investigator described by Axel Munthe in *San Michele* as having the head of a Cæsar and the eyes of an eagle, discovered that one apparently normal being could be turned into another apparently normal human being by an illness, the second personage having no memory of the first, a rent was made in the fabric of ideas concerning the mind and personality. When to Charcot and the Salpêtrière came as pupils Sigmund Freud and Pierre Janet it was not long until most of what remained of the illusions about consciousness was torn away.

It was Janet who discovered how several personalities could exist in the same individual at the same time, each now and again bursting through to the conscious self, and it was Freud who showed that the direction of our thoughts, instincts, and desires is decided by psychic forces which are below consciousness. It was he who developed the technique by which the unconscious or subconscious personality could be brought to the surface. Whether all human beings are as unconscious of their motives as so many of Freud's disciples maintain that they are, or as little of free agents, is open to question. Some people, especially a certain type of literary artist, seem to be very well aware of

* Editor's Note: — *The books here discussed are:* Human Personality and Environment, *by Charles Macfie Campbell* (*Macmillan, $3.50*); Experiment in Autobiography, *by H. G. Wells* (*Macmillan, $5.00*); The Story of My Life, *by Marie, Queen of Roumania* (*Scribner, $4.00*); *the* Autobiography *of John Cowper Powys* (*Simon & Schuster, $3.50*); Not I, but the Wind, *by Frieda Lawrence* (*Viking, $2.75*).

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their own motives and to have made a vast conquest of their psychic life; in others little or nothing has made its way to consciousness. There are persons living on the instinctive level who have no more consciousness than a plant has, and the same invincible egoism.

But granting that, beginning with Charcot, the exploration of the mind has gone ahead, it would be a mistake to think that any single psychologist has discovered any large and self-contained tract of the mind: some have mapped out certain bits; some, others. Even the great investigators, the men of high creative genius, have been hampered in their investigations by the make-up of their own personalities and by the influences of their special environments. The human mind that Freud surveys is not the one that Janet surveys or the one that Jung surveys. We cannot help approaching a conclusion that the man Janet envisages in his investigations is a French Catholic whose first disturbances in consciousness came at his first confession, that the man Jung envisages is a mystical Teutonic Protestant with a potent race-memory, and that the man envisaged by Freud is a Jew with a complexity of sex emotions and social reactions unknown to the Anglo-Saxon.

Are Œdipus complexes, inferiority complexes, and mother fixations familiar to people of the northern races? "I believe," says Wells in his *Experiment in Autobiography*, "that the children who furnished material for the first psychoanalysts were the people of children racially different and different in their conceptions of permissible caresses and endearments from my family. What they say may be true of Austrian Jews and Levantines and yet not true of English or Irish. I cannot detect any mother fixation, any Œdipus complex, or any of that stuff in my make-up."

The truth of it is that all the investigators have, like all other men, been influenced by what is called their environment — that is, they have been influenced psycho-chemically by the food they ate, the clothes they wore, the houses they lived in, the people they knew; by the schools where they were educated, by their racial and family history, and by the religion or lack of religion in which they were brought up. And after these again, or perhaps because of these, each of their minds belongs to what Sainte-Beuve would have called "a family of minds." Freud is the artist type, Jung the philosophic type, while Janet's objectivity might be termed scientific. As an annex to these three types there is in America the business-man type, like Watson the behaviorist, with his own especial limitations in the artistic and philosophic lines: all psychologists, whether men of genius or ordinary practitioners, seem to belong to one of these four families of minds.

The book before me, for example, by Dr. Charles Macfie Campbell of Harvard, is obviously the product of the objective, scientific type of psychologist. This state of mind while it makes *Human Personality and Environment* convincing reading, gives a flatness to the style and renders even his striking information unexciting. We can probably learn from this important book all that is known at present about how a person is built up psychologically and physiologically but we are likely soon to forget where we learned it. He has nothing at all of the peculiarly artistic passion that enters into Freud's writing and which makes Freud's sentences march alive across the page. This artistic passion, which sometimes becomes personal passion, is part of the endowment of the born writer. Freud is a born writer, and writers were our first psychologists, our only psychologists before the doctors began their investigations. Stendhal knew about the unconscious and about mother fixations long before Charcot began his investigations and before Freud was born; he even foretold accurately when the psychology which interested him would become familiar to people — some time in the 'eighties, he prophesied.

The Art of Self-Analysis

If biographies then are so difficult, are autobiographies any more likely to reveal the subject? I maintain that they are. I believe a man knows more about himself than any outsider does and when writing about himself reveals his personality by the very things he conceals, by the things he wants to believe about himself, and even by his very affectations. It is an odd fact that a fairly reserved, rather objective autobiography, like that by H. G. Wells, or even the conventional one by the Queen of Roumania, reveals more of the writer than an unreserved autobiography like

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that of John Cowper Powys. This book is really "confessions" rather than autobiography, and the author tries to attach unto himself most of the foibles and fancies, most of the strengths and the weaknesses, the sadisms, the lusts and neuroticisms that he has ever glimpsed in other confessions. He attaches to himself much that he has found in Rousseau, some that he has found in St. Augustine, some that he has found in the Marquis de Sade — although it has to be admitted that the tortures that he recounts are mental. The book is written in such a way that it is harder to believe the simple objective facts it relates, such as his brother's habit of dipping his bread in his tea, than the fantastic things, such as his being a magician or the wrath of God seizing him like a whirlwind. One reason why this autobiography, taken as a whole, is so unrevealing, is that he is not a unified personality.

Wells, a much more simple person, is a unified personality, and consequently his book with the technique he uses succeeds in being a long way more revealing. We are convinced that, if Wells does not know himself wholly, what he does know about himself is exact — he has correct information about himself — but we feel that what Powys knows about his personality is from an unreliable witness. Resolved at all costs to make himself interesting to himself, he is prepared to seem a madman, a charlatan, a neurotic, a sadist, a poltroon, and a person of such lusts as can be found only in *Psychopathia Sexualis*. One might be entertained by such fantasies from a man whom Providence evidently intended to be a novelist and a creator of a gallery of characters, if he were not so long-winded and repetitious about it all.

Wells' autobiography is just as long, but there seems to be hardly an unnecessary sentence in it, and every page is convincing. Powys makes himself a composite of all the characters he might have created, and, like all composite pictures, this one is unrecognizable. He has what Wells seriously calls "an uneducated mind," that is, the sort which Wells informs us he noticed in writers like Conrad, Henry James, and Stephen Crane — all the artist-writers, in fact. An educated mind, according to Wells, is a mind systematically unified, a mind free from complexes. It is doubtful if any real artist could ever have such a unity. With complete frankness and with that strong power of observation which he sometimes, though rarely, showed in his novels, Wells tells us how the artist-writers, James, Conrad, Crane, showed powerfully receptive minds, whereas his own perceptions were cold and flat; his mind, he informs us, was easy to educate, whereas theirs, with their abundant, luminous impressions, were difficult to subdue to a disciplined, co-ordinating relationship.

We can comprehend why this might have been so by reference to Dr. Campbell's remarks on personality. "The personality may be represented as a federation of states in which the central control is variable, interstate conflict frequent, and actual secession not unknown." In the case of Wells we might say that the federal control was secure because the federated states were not too numerous, not much in conflict with each other, and were in harmony with the leading authority. That federal authority for Wells remained the same for years and years; it was projected in his books under the name of Clissold or Britling or Remington or any of those heroes of his who had great vitality, simplicity, generosity, a strong sensual interest in sex, lively humanitarian sympathies, with a lack of comprehension bordering on contempt for the æsthetic personality and a provincially English way of looking at the world. All these characters, obviously a projection of Wells himself, might be classified as the type described in a quotation in Dr. Campbell's book as preferring in all relations of life "utilitarian to other values; he sees everything as an aid in the natural struggle for existence and a possibility to render life pleasant."

Art and Glands

The artist-mind could never be so simple, nor the chief control so perfect; for the federated states, to continue Campbell's simile, would be too numerous, their conflicts too frequent; the artist's mind in all its relations would be too open to new impressions — to the wind of strong emotion and exacting impersonal interests — so easily and simply to be unified. Candidly enough, Wells tries to catch the difference between the artist-writers and their products and himself and his product, and

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the result is a noteworthy lesson in literary criticism. "They were," he acknowledges, "at an opposite pole from me as regards strength of reception." "I was disposed," he says, "to regard a novel as about as much an art form as a market-place or a boulevard." He thought of literature really in utilitarian terms and was unable to understand what abundance of life goes into lasting writing. Hence his worry about what he calls "the æsthetic mentality" and his opposition to the æsthetic valuation of literature. He wanted to put over certain modern ideas and opinions and for that he adopted the novel form. It was, as he named it himself, "sociology in fable."

Readers of the early books of Wells tell us that in some of them he approached being an artist: this is certainly not the case in his later books, where he is simply the abundant and interesting trade writer, one who mirrors his times, not very profoundly but in such a way that what he writes is always news. There is an excellent little phrase in one of these pages of his autobiography — "impermanent values" — which exactly describes his own contributions: he wrote freshly and generally impressively about the "impermanent values," evolving a style very well suited for his topics; he was one of the first examples in England, perhaps in Europe, of the world-famous trade writer. And how does a trade writer of this magnitude differ from the artist? A good trade writer is one who discovers the impermanent values and writes freshly and excitingly about them; a bad trade writer is, perhaps, one who writes stalely, academically, conventionally about the permanent values — whose mind is not vigorous enough to comprehend the outlying impermanent ones. But an artist is a man who creates anew the permanent values by adding his own discovery to them.

Wells, to the artist-writers of his day, was phenomenal. "My dear Wells," Conrad said to him in unhumorous bewilderment, "what is this *Love and Mr. Lewisham* about?" And Yeats in humorous bewilderment could say in a conversation about *The New Machiavelli*, "I looked into it and found it so full of things that a writer has no business in knowing anything about that I closed it again." Henry James' bewilderment, expressed in a letter to Wells about his novel *Marriage*, is worth recalling, for, while explaining that it is impossible to approach the book in any æsthetic or literary relation at all, what James writes is, at the same time, as fair an appreciation from the literary mentality as Wells is ever likely to receive. But the writer of *An Experiment in Autobiography* knows himself and his own value better than any outsider. "I am a journalist," he declares, "and what I write goes now and will presently die." He remarks that he seemed a Philistine to Conrad, with that peculiar English belief that there is something healthy about Philistinism and something feeble about art and æstheticism.

Dr. Campbell takes almost the same line and informs us that "the male with the underactive glands has a greater tendency towards music, art, and literature than towards more virile occupations," somehow equating virile occupations with those that have a fixed and steady economic value and falling under the illusion or delusion that the artistic activities do not demand virility or vitality. Those whom the distinguished Doctor must be regarding as artists are those mild and picturesque persons with a little accomplishment in the arts, the more anæmic appreciators rather than the creators. Imagine regarding great artists like Balzac or Tolstoy or Wagner as males with underactive glands! It would be hard to imagine the appreciators of their work having underactive glands, for that matter.

The Queen and Mr. Wells

The autobiography of the Queen of Roumania is just as interesting reading as that of Mr. Wells, and in a great many ways this lady might be regarded as his female counterpart. Like him, the queen is a vigorous, unified personality without any obvious complexes, and like him she has got nearly as much of what she wants out of life as anybody can. She, too, has seen a great deal of the world and known a great many people of importance. But, as psychology has not invaded the royal and imperial circles in which she figured, she has not acquired anything like the same ability to give a disinterested valuation of herself or any valuation of herself and her activities. Nor would the world in its present stage take very seriously a disinterested valuation of her own personality from any woman. Essentially

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a cool-headed, sociable, and able woman, Marie of Roumania has had to adopt the convention that she was governed by emotions in what is regarded as the feminine, emotional way. A descendant of the conquerors and masters of Europe, she gives us the impression of being a large and generous personality, sufficiently intelligent and limber in her mind to understand the road the world is taking.

She has the same sort of power of portraiture in words that Wells has and gives vivid and memorable pictures of the royal figures of Europe, so that her book will be a storehouse for the historian. There is Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who saw himself in turn as a wily politician, as a debonair, polite, sarcastic man of the world, as an ardent lover of beauty: the picture she gives of him seated all by himself in a dimly lighted chamber, draped in a long black-velvet dressing gown, fingering his priceless gems, "his pale fingers covered with rings, a cross attached to a chain hidden beneath his coat," is surely that of one of the most miraculously sophisticated personages in history. But she had relatives who contrasted with this sort of over-civilization. There was a fearful old grand-uncle, the Duke of Coburg, brother of Queen Victoria's Albert the Good, who led an abandoned life in a court composed of adventurers married to second-rate actresses of compromised reputations and all sorts of nondescript semi-cultured, semi-respectable persons. The chapter dealing with this old debauchee and his nervous, blinking consort is as good journalism as anything Wells accomplishes.

There is an even more noteworthy trait that these two have in common. A well-instructed intelligence and a world fame have given this son of the English lower middle classes — as fine a stock as there is — the same freedom of mind, the same assurance, the same air of being at home in the world, and almost the same freedom from prejudice as long descent and high place and power have given Marie of Roumania. It is not precisely that neither has a sense of caste or a notion of superiority or inferiority: both know very well the levels on which they are surpassed by certain other personages. It is that they are incapable of the simple-minded snobbery conspicuous, for instance, in part of Frieda Lawrence's *Not I, But the Wind*, which makes her affix below her name on the cover "Geb. Freiin Von Richthoven." This same naïve snobbery was also in her husband, D. H. Lawrence, who seldom was able to get on with any book he was writing until he had first explained that his heroine was a lady. In justice to Frieda Lawrence, it should be said that all that is unconsciously revealed of her in her book is that she is a simple minded, highly sexed, reckless, spirited woman of simple tastes and that, if without strong feelings or high intelligence, she is also apparently without much egoism, so that she must have been a pleasant companion to an invalidish, non-unified writer who had a sort of Messiah complex.

When we recognize from Dr. Campbell's book all that is contained in a personality, it has to be said of these autobiographies that they reveal comparatively little of the personalities of the writers. Wells is frankest about those things that people, and especially writers, are rarely frank about: their inferiority in personality and talent to other people of their environment. But of the actual happenings in his life he simply tells us what is public property; of the really intimate things that made his life there is barely a word. Of the four autobiographers, the one who is most intimate about her private life is the one who has no public life — Frieda Lawrence. Powys, the most unreserved about his mind and emotions, is about the incidents and happenings of his life the most reticent of all. None of them has revealed himself as Joyce has made Mrs. Bloom reveal herself in the last chapter of *Ulysses*. Would it not be possible for some experimenter in autobiography who wishes to know himself, who wishes the world to know him, who might wish to make a contribution to the science or the non-science of psychology — would it not be possible for him, by adopting the same train-of-consciousness method as Joyce has given Mrs. Bloom, to turn out the whole of his personality? It would be of the greatest value both to literature and psychology if someone really outstanding made a valiant attempt to produce an uncensored autobiography by making use of all the known methods in literature and all the discoveries in psychology to get at the conscious and unconscious personality.

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POOR PROFESSORS

BY ANN PRESTON CARTER

A FEW YEARS ago one of our great research councils, baffled by the generally poor quality of applicants for its fellowships, set out to make a survey of our graduate schools, to find out what became of the excelling students. It was obvious that a majority of them were not going into graduate schools or into the teaching profession. The survey revealed that most of the outstanding students in the undergraduate world, in the fields of study to which the research council was devoted, were indeed not going on with graduate work but were heading into other fields; and it was found that the chief reason for their doing so was financial. Teaching — with its preliminary graduate work — has not only no financial present but no financial future. We have made it a sort of madcap's prank for the young man of outstanding abilities to go into the teaching profession. We are keeping the field consistently open chiefly for the person who is slightly lacking in stamina, energy, vision, and red blood and letting young people with splendid minds and a natural passion for the arts and sciences be reluctantly steered away into business and other professions, out of sheer common sense. For even though a man has the makings of a really great teacher in him, and even though he vaguely knows that he will never be thoroughly happy in any other profession, because it will leave him restless, bored, and groping, yet, unless he is a celibate or the sort who is willing either to forego a family or to go a-hunting for a rich wife, he is letting himself in for a nearly impossible task when he becomes a teacher of the mental rather than the physical arts in an American university or college.

During the last two or three years business men have begun looking enviously at professors because they are on salaries, and when the professors happen to speak of poverty they are shouted down as ingrates. But the business man forgets that, though his present miseries make him look for the first time intently upon the financial status of the professor, that status was something that he was happily oblivious of during the days of his own big salaries and dividends. He forgets that a study made several years ago, during the fat years, revealed that sixty-five per cent of the professors in one of our wealthiest institutions of higher learning were even then being kept alive and functioning by outside incomes — their own and their wives. And he also forgets that the university professor who has a salary of, let us say, $3,200, after twelve or fifteen years of study and teaching, usually in the notoriously expensive university towns, is not receiving a nadir but a peak salary. It is the highest wage he has ever received and may ever get.

The scale of living of the average professor is very modest; yet, if he has more than the conventional professorial family of no children or, at the most, two, he will not be able, on such a salary, to live up to even the modest standards taken for granted by his profession. Only those on the inside can know what horrors of insecurity — to say nothing of what actual penury — surround the average young professor who has a real family to bring up in a university community.

My own husband has taught in one privately endowed university, one college, and two state universities. He is now an associate professor in one of our greatest state universities and has been there for several years. Professionally he is now "on the map"; but at the present writing, as the cumulative result of his having gone to the big university town, done his special researches, written a book, and been the recipient of an insufficient wage for thirteen years, the four children and I are living in two little stove-heated rooms in a

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tourist hotel on the edge of a small, inexpensive southern town hundreds of miles away from my husband's university, where he is still teaching. We have given up the absurd and hopeless ordeal of trying to keep abreast of inevitable expenses on such a salary as ours in such a place as our town. Our present salary, only $750 a year less than our pre-depression wage, leaves us, after we have paid the monthly inevitables that go with the plainest kind of living (with no car, very little help, home-made clothes, etc.) exactly $40 a month for ten months of the year, for all clothes for six people, all doctor bills, present, past, and future, all payments on back obligations, all saving for the salary-less summer months, all saving for the future, all insurance, all privileges for the children, all emergencies, incidentals, and luxuries. And, as I have said, we are very little worse off now than we were on our pre-depression wage at this school and when I also had a small income of my own. The first year there was a nightmare of insufficient funds; the only fortunate circumstance was that we came out relatively even at the end of the year — when I was told by the grocer that I bought less for a family the size of ours than any customer he had and when I was told by my doctor that one reason we were sick so much was that none of us had enough to eat.

Yet our disastrous children, who have made our tiny incomes so inadequate, are at the top in all their achievement tests every time and are leaders in their groups. They are children who should have been born — the sort that eugenics enthusiasts, social workers, preachers, theorists, writers, and educators are begging for more of. But they have been born into a social order which has no room for them, economically speaking.

II

We Americans often wax sentimental and flamboyant over immaterial values in our talk but at heart we have been materialists for a long time. The citizen who devotes himself to intangible ideas and the world of invisible values rather than to the feathering of his own nest scratches along as best he can. Of course, if we are to have schools for our children to go to, there must be teachers, but the less said about the way teachers are to keep alive, the better. The physical equipment of our great institutions is impressive, but a veil is drawn over the circumstances under which "Mark Hopkins" actually lives when he is not sitting on the other end of his rather gorgeous twentieth-century "log"!

Looking out for himself is of course exactly what the real teacher is in no position to do, first, because of his profession itself and, second, because he is usually predestinately incapable of doing it in the accredited fashion. Looking out for oneself in the United States means looking out for the main chance, the shrewd maneuver, the practical device (regardless, often, of ethics or human considerations) which is sure to bring in actual cash and increasing amounts of cash; it means not being given to the contemplation of ideas, except for the purpose of exploiting them, and not being prone to spend much time on personal relationships, without regard to the cash values they will bring in.

But all this kind of thing is as alien to the true-born teacher as is organizing in groups for the sake of fighting for his right to a decent wage. His days are full anyway — far more so than they look — and his nervous energies are the sort that constantly go out in great tides into his teaching and his talks with students, leaving little energy for the fighting and intriguing, lobbying and wire pulling that a battle for a decent wage would involve. Teachers do live in a world apart, in a sense; and though their perennial financial distress irritates and irks them, wears on their nerves, and tears down, gradually, the fabric of their health, yet that irritation is rather like that furnished by a fly or a flea or sand in one's shoes or, as Keats has described it, "like a nettle leaf or two in your bed." It is a vague distress at the bottom of their minds and hearts; but the conscious, dominant parts of their lives — if they are worth their salt — are filled with the exhilarating presence of ideas, of one sort or other; and even when they are half starved they go back to their world of ideas with real gusto, day after day, and keep hoping, when they are forced to think about their financial impotence, that things will work out better next month or next year — surely sometime.

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As for the wives — there are some university wives who can do heavy physical work, pinch every penny, bear and rear a lot of children without any servants to help them, live a purely domestic life without any outside activities or contacts at all and with a minimum of reading and of intellectual and artistic stimulus. But the woman who can do that is not typical of the professor's wife in the traditional sense of the term. A scholar is more than likely to have married a woman who has not the physique, habits, training, and bodily endurance of the individual who can work like a peasant. She is more usually a woman gently bred, as highly endowed and highly trained as her husband — a woman with real intellectual interests and specialized mental and artistic capacities. To expect such a woman, if she has a real family, to do all of her own work without breaking down nervously, if not physically, is sheer folly. Those who conscientiously go through with it and survive are more than likely to develop some nervous or psychic difficulty out of sheer frustration. And the husband who has to sit by and watch his wife's fine powers wither because she is as overworked as a dray horse has more than reason to be tempted to give up his scholarly occupation and go into business, if only for the sake of putting an end to an intolerable situation. And of course, if he stays on, there is always the tragedy latent there of the woman's gradual decline in intellectual capacity and range while her husband, an equal match for her at the outset, goes on growing in scope and depth; they are probably aware of drifting apart and perpetually haunted by the knowledge of what each is losing. The ramifications of this serious problem are infinite.

III

I DO NOT know just what can be done about this problem of the minimum wage for teachers. Only a truly enlightened public opinion can bring about changes in so complicated a matter. The sane thing to do, it would seem to me, when determining the size of a professor's salary, other things being equal, would be to take into consideration both the number in the man's family and the scale of living expense in the community where he must reside — and that before any huge building or athletic programs are carried through! This could be done successfully, of course, only in schools where the majority lives on a similar scale and where there is no tendency toward keeping up with Lizzie, or outdoing her. And it would probably mean that the childless couple would take a little less so that the people with children might have a little more, though both families would live on an equal scale. Such an idea as this, however, would be too socialistic in its tendencies for the average school to adopt. It will probably be a long time before our educational institutions get over their present habit of calmly winking at the results of their salary policies and start looking at the issues honestly and sanely.

On the whole, the young professor who has not married a rich wife and who has been foolhardy enough to have a family will find himself in an exceedingly difficult situation if he tries to live the normal life of a responsible individual in his class in our society. Too often he will find the situation baffling beyond solution unless some *deus ex machina* intervenes. But divine interventions are rare; and the man who can do himself justice as a teacher while he is wondering where the next meal is coming from, who can keep his peace of mind when his income includes almost no money for doctors' bills, clothes, emergencies, back bills, and future needs is a paragon of other-worldliness who might have been a saint in old Russia but can only be looked upon benignly as a sort of fool in present-day America.

The situation as I have seen it work out can be summed up in the following incident. My husband was scheduled to make a speech at the meeting of the national convention of university professors in his field, during the Christmas holidays. The newspaper in our university town announced with pride that he was going to speak and said that he had already left the city. We read of his speech and its reception as it was reported through a press association in the metropolitan newspapers. But the professor himself, being penniless, never got near the convention city. The speech had been sent to a friend and was read by him before the gathering. The author spent Christmas vacation *en famille* and, being at the end of his cash, dined on bread and milk for Christmas dinner.

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LAY ME LOW!

A Short Story

BY LOUIS PAUL

Scissor cuts by Fred A. Mayer

WILLIE FAUCET was a sad man, that paradox of color. Not serious, pompous, or irascible — they grow in any race or climate — but sad. When Willie mooned his tenor tunes, they were not plaintive, like Claudie Jill's; plaintive means that it's sweet to have the blues. No. Willie's ivory eyeballs turned to heaven naturally, like a Texas horse thief's. When the term *Weltschmerz* was coined, it seems unbelievable that they did not have Willie in mind. His disconsolate air spoke plainer than his lips, saying in your presence, "Ain' no reason 'vented yet fo' anybody to be happy. Jes bein' born is wuss thing kin happen to a man."

Inevitably he was the butt and inspiration of wit. "Hi, Willie," Big Bardley would greet him. "What y'all smilin' 'bout this smornin'?"

"Ain' nobody smilin'."

"So'y, Willie. So'y. Thought fo' a minute you wuz."

Young Georgie Grigg had a broader sense of humor. "You spare few minutes, Willie? Doc say I got to take buttermilk fo' my health. Milkman gone and lef' sweet by mistake; y'all mind takin' a look at it? Figger should curdle it straight off."

"You comin' to my funril, Willie, and cheer the mo'ners up?"

"Mornin', Willie, mornin'. Sing hallelulyer."

"Hi, William. Yo' got some cheap magazines?"

Bigger fools them people ain' never been born, he thought, as these quips rolled off his impenetrable hide. Willie had an overwhelming contempt for illogical gayety. Laffin is jes stirrin' up yo' insides over nothin'. Harlum like a woodsful o' monkeys — jabber wit' yo' mouf, grin wit' yo' lips, ain' nothin' but monkeys sho-nuff.

Willie Faucet made a living collecting old magazines from cellars and waste bags and reselling them for pennies, netting sixty cents or so a day. He slept in Mistuh Williams' 'partment-house basement and received lots of handouts. He believed wealth beyond bare necessity bad for man. It disturbed what should be his natural melancholy. Fools smilin' an' laffin and luxuratin in money jes beggin' fo' somethin' to happen. Man ain't got nothin', don' want nothin', ain' laffin over nothin', don' have to worry 'bout missin' nothin'. Thass sense. He sang sad songs as an avocation.

"Yo' killin' me, Willie," Grover Cleveland Smuts, superintendent of the Williams apartments, would complain, "with yo' 'lay me lows' an' 'oh, bury me deeps' and yo' 'plantin' daisies 'pon my brows'. Where-at y'all git them songs?" Mistuh Williams had no musical ear, and, a large tolerant man, was not annoyed by noise.

The lugubrious troubadour pursued his appointed rounds. "Yo' takin' lil readin' matter, ma'am? Here's nice Ladies Home Journey. Two cents, ma'am. Look maybe like thunder, Miz Gumm?"

"Yes, I'll take that one, Willie. Why, no.

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It looks real pleasant out."

He was a little disappointed. Sales were going too easy this morning. The sun was shinin' up there jes a mite too strong fo' rain. "Might be some pages missin', though, Miz Gumm," he drawled discouragingly.

"That's all right, Willie. After all, two cents won't break me."

His expression plainly said, "Well, let tragedy repay your blithe indifference, let woe chastise your careless cheer."

Pity. Only half the day gone, and fifty cents earned already. Sun overhaid, folks smilin', even tored magazines sellin' easy this smornin'. Willie Faucet's saddest song stirred in his bosom. He didn't know where he had got it; notes from other blues, words jes seemed to come, but mostly made up out of his autochthonous sorrows. The doleful quality with which he endowed those slurred, tenor tones cannot be imitated on the printed page; the words must do. Head bowed, a handful of ragged magazines under his arm, he sauntered wearily down 139th Street, crooning:

"Roody, roody . . . river drowns yo',
Roody river, drowns yo' chile;
Singin' sad the roody river
Drowns yo' while yo' mammy smile.
Snowdy snow is cole and blizzard,
Wissul roun' my cabin do';
Snow is snowdy blizzard ravin',
Till you die upon the flo'.
Hi and ho-de! Why yo' singin'?
Bluedy blues is sad and lazy;
Why yo' laffin', Mister Blue-man?
Blue-man's blues'll drive yo' crazy!
Ah'm the saddes' man in Harlum,
Baddes', saddes' wukkin' slave;
Wish I daid, I couldn't singin',
Lessn I singin' in my grave.
Gravey grave-man, dig yo' shovel,
Spadey spade-man, dig me deep,
Lay me low and plant yo' daisies
So we bofe kin git some sleep.
Hi-de-ho-man, why yo' laffin?
Why yo' rilin' up yo' gizzard?
Roody river git yo' sometime,
Else the cole and snowdy blizzard.
Lay me low!"

Thass it. Lay me low! Willie Faucet, head down, tramped along the seething thoroughfare, the world's sorrows upon his shoulders. Seem jes like I kin remember me the hole of a slave ship. Seem like I'm a-moanin' fo' these sore fingers in cotton fields, my back bust fum heavy sack. Seem like I Uncle Tom hisself. Seem the ole farm an' Gray Dolly ache in me like stummick with too much to eat, yassuh. Seem mighty like I'm all my people chase' outn the Promise' Lan', outn the lan' o' Egip. Seem jes like I'm one big mo'ner fo' the whole cemetury, sho do. Roody river!

"Gravey grave-man, dig yo' shovel,
Spadey spade-man, dig me deep,
Lay me low! Jes' plant yo' daisies
'Pon my brow an' let me sleep!"

Seem like I'm jes' —

"Hi, Willie."

"Yassuh, Mistuh Tooby. Y'all don' want no ole magazines, I reckon."

"Think I'll take one home to the one-an'-only, Willie. What you got there to-day, son?"

"Here a Vanery Fair, thoutn no cover — thass three center, Mistuh Tooby. Too spensive, seem like. Here a Colliery, an' this here a whole com-plete Hoppers Bazzer, 'ceptin' it got little muddy in the middle. None of 'em ain' much account, Mistuh Tooby."

"I'll take this one. Three cents? You're lookin' bright as a feather to-day, Willie," he volunteered.

"Yassuh," murmured Willie, disconsolate.

Miz Turner 'cross the street seem like she tryin' to beckon to him. He turned down a side street and began another verse of his song. It was apparently inexhaustible.

"Cloudy sky about to rainin',
Strip yo' corn an' drown yo' crop. . . ."

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II

Willie Faucet had spent his boyhood on a farm in Virginia. At eight he held the bucking handles of a plow drawn by a pigeon-toed gray that knew more about furrows than fifty little nigger lads. Behind that plow it was, perhaps, timeless sun overhead, chained, weary, that Willie's sad fantasies began to grow. The gently jagged rows were conducive to melancholy — intense, overwhelming melancholy that was like the crooning of winds outside the shack in a storm. Sorrow had always howled in Willie's brain. It was not long before his maddeningly doleful airs alienated him from the sympathies of those about him. Poor Willie like to drove the good and cheerful darkies nuts with his roody rivers and his snowdy blizzards and his clowdy skies. He wandered and drifted, settled and sighed, moved, and finally found a place for himself in the graces of the more urbanely humorous folk in the great city.

It was a good many years now since the thin, gangling Negro had settled in Harlem. No one thought about his age. At any age the universe's years would have unnaturally bent his shoulders. And as though he really carried these, and its sorrows too, Willie Faucet shuffled, slow-moving, dreamily, like a "roody river" itself, timeless, ambitionless, incomparably sad, absently rumbling in his throat new lyric sounds that would register more adequately his vast, saturnine gloom.

So that, world turned upside down, head spinning with the swift sequence of events, Willie Faucet was unable to comprehend and ward off a Fate that mocked the essence of his philosophy. It all happened just a little too quickly for Willie.

Mistuh Williams, in the basement of whose apartment house Willie slept, was entertaining a distinguished, if importunate, guest. The distinguished man was Pierre Lebon, creator of Lebon's Musical Madcaps, Lebon's Chocolate Vanities, etc. Mistuh Lebon, *né* Pete Goodman, pianist, composer, vaudeville producer, was trying to get Williams to invest some of his reputed wealth in a colored revue. The apartment-house owner had promised to give the matter consideration. Suddenly, to Pierre Lebon's ears, there came a melody.

Low it started; sad — desperately sad. It quavered on the most beautifully produced chest tone that Lebon had ever heard. He twisted his ear downward, not quite believing in the music's human source. Right out of the earth came this magnificent, soul-twisting chant:

> "Snowdy snow is cole an' blizzard . . .
> Wissul roun' yo' mounting shack . . .
> Snowdy blizzard moan an' wailin' . . .
> Till you're frizzen stiff and black . . .
> Oohhhh . . . LAY me *low!*"

On the syllable of "low" an exquisite cello tube of melody seemed to draw back, into the chest that had uttered it, the escaped melancholy, as though only that bosom could rightfully contain that much sorrow. Mistuh Lebon was spellbound. Finally, interrupting the enchantment with an effort, he managed to exclaim, "Who's that singin', and where's he doin' it?"

"Him?" The apartment owner shrugged his shoulders. "That's poor Willie Faucet. Why?"

"What's he do?"

"Oh, sells old papers and magazines."

"Where's he at — in the cellar?"

"Willie keeps the basement clean. Smuts and me, we lets him sleep down there. Don't make but a few cents a day sellin' them magazines. Harmless, he is. Just singin' away like that all the time."

Again:

> "Roody river git yo' sho-nuff,
> Worms'll eat yo' eyes, and lizzards;
> Roody river drown yo' sudden,
> Eels'll git yo' inside gizzards!"

"Go hand me up that there boy," Mistuh Lebon ordered peremptorily.

Later, Willie standing awkwardly against a well-nicked player piano, Lebon urged him: "Come on, Willie. Just sing it once again. Want to get those notes in my head. Ain't no music like that ever been wrote; don't think anybody could. But you sing it."

The magazine man, thrown suddenly into this dazzling prominence, awed by the splendor of Mistuh Williams's appointments, was somewhat dazed. "Why-fo' y'all want me, mistuh, suh? Don' wanna do it. Feels almos' too blue do much singin' jes now. Leam me be, suh. Scuse me, suh, Mistuh Williams," he apologized.

But he was prevailed upon. Yes, and he

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was prevailed upon for more than Willie, in his wildest dreams, could have imagined.

"Just once more," said Lebon.

That was all Willie seemed to hear any more. "Just once. . . ."

Lebon, in his way, was an artist and an excellent musician. In the next few weeks, with unconquerable persistence, he made Willie come to his studio and sing again and again those peculiar intonations. He must master a piano accompaniment that would blend, not imitate, the melody. He corrected and recorrected his manuscripts with the concentration of a colored Beethoven. Again and again and again . . . low and moanin' sweet . . . now an augmented fifth on that "lay me low" which violated every known rule of counterpoint. "Why-fo' you drivin' me crazy thisaway?" Willie would complain. Those little tailed dots were senseless chirography to him.

"Just once more. Just once. Where you sing, 'Why you laughin', Mister Blue-man?'"

"I don' wanna do it. I sick o' singin'."

"My time's more valuable than yours, so what you kickin' about? Come on, Willie. Going to make you more money than you ever knew there was in the whole world."

"Don' want money, ain' never want money, don't know what I spen' it fo' ifn I git it. My time jes valu'ble yours fo' restin' puppice. Leam me go home, Mistuh Piano-man. Sick o' dis singin'."

"Listen, Willie." He fingered the strain carefully, building the harmony. Boy's genius understood intuitively to rise and dip, G, A-flat, B, C, E-flat, D, C, on "Spadey spade-man, dig me deep." A natural, sure as seven or eleven. "Do I get these notes right here like you sing them?"

"Sometime I do 'em thataway," said Willie, noncommittally, adding, "Leam me go home and sell my magazines."

"Don't need to sell no more of them magazines, sonny. Here's a dollar. You run along, then, and practice your songs while I try to figure out some of the screwy harmony you got my brains buzzin' with."

III

Yes. Willie, hardly understanding, was prevailed upon. Pierre Lebon, the instinct of show business in every fiber of his being, did not intend completely to transplant the naïve troubadour out of his native environment. On the contrary. Lebon's drop painter and designer created a setting of Mistuh Williams' apartment-house basement with Hollywood accuracy. Even the eternal magazines, Collieries, Posts, Vanery Fairs, and Hoppers Bazzers, torn and artfully muddied, lay scattered at his feet.

Willie Faucet hated the entranced, blank-faced, gaping audience. He became, if anything, a sadder man, and his songs achieved an even deeper despair. The noise and glitter and backstage excitement, the girls in tights and comedians' make-up, the walk-on and bow music blaring, the powerful, glaring spot that painted his figure beside the cardboard furnace in acid yellow — it all depressed him tremendously. Pierre Lebon stood in the wings, smiling, nodding, excited as he had never been before by a performer's mastery over the emotions of an audience.

One of the critics about town wrote:

> While sedate explorers storm Carnegie, a black boy named Willie Faucet is tearing the vaudeville public's emotions to shreds with the maddest melancholy crooning it's ever been my luck to enjoy. This Willie's moaned music is neither fish, fowl, nor song-book spiritual, but low-down crooning that makes Judea's cantors a merry crowd by comparison. He sits on an old mattress beside a basement boiler in a setting that's authentic Harlem or I've mistaken Cab Calloway for an Italian tenor. Should you feel the urge to be harrowed by one of the people's geniuses, look up Willie Faucet's booking.

Lebon eventually impressed upon him the necessity of more appropriate street clothing, of a higher dignity in company with his old neighbors, a public attitude more in keeping with the popularity he had achieved. Lebon and Mistuh Williams, however, in celebration of their boy's miraculous success, did themselves well in the way of a shivaree. No fragile Easter lily ever blossomed with keener instinct for beauty's unaffected air of sufficiency, no scholarship had to teach the dazzling Willie *savoir faire*. When Hayward Tooby patted his back and sheepishly attempted humor with, "Got any old magazines, Willie? Guess, now you rollin' in the lap o' luxury awn top the ladder o' success, you just natchally buyin' 'em off the noo-stand," the singer of sad songs shrugged his shoulders.

"Evenin', Mistuh Tooby. The on'y po' man

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is the po' in sperit."

"Jes crazy 'bout acters," Miz Morton gushed.

"Yo' dancin' thisyere wet rag, Mistuh Faucet?" murmured Angie Scarlett, with honeyed accent.

"Surround yo'se'f with a-nother slug o' gin, sad man," said Big Bardley, "an' favor us with a see-lection."

His bland sweating face looked across the room. "Y'all procure Claudie Jill," Willie waved away the suggestion grandly. "Man kin sing Saint Lewis Woman eight times better'n anybody in Harlum. Come awn, Mister Blue-man," he motioned. "Make us happy wid yo' blues."

"'Frankie and Johnny'!"

"'Shake That Thing'!"

"'Water Boy,' Claudie Jill. Shame Paul Robeson!"

They were a little afraid of Willie's no-such songs; as familiar to them as "Cocaine Habit" and "She Done Him Wrong," the melodies were no longer private Harlem croons. They loved privacy; popularity awed them. But when the night sobered down into almost dawn, when gin and the black man's sweet hysteria had worked their magic and settled to stay, when Claudie Jill's conventional performance had put them back in chairs, Willie Faucet sang.

He sang:

"I feel my soul a-leavin' o' my body,
I feel my heart ain' beatin' any mo';
I look aroun' an' fine myse'f in hebm —
I know because I sees the golden do'.
The anguls' harps is made o' gol' an' dimons,
They playin' happy music all day long;
Ever' meal is chicken fried in butter,
But voice inside me whisper somethin's wrong.
I lives a thousan' years jes eatin' chicken,
Ain' single soul onhappy fo' a spell.
Gol' an' chicken, sho! But where's the blue-man?
A voice inside me whisper, 'This is Hell!'
I look aroun' and see the Devil laffin. . . ."

IV

Some attribute Willie Faucet's downfall to vanity. But vanity would have destroyed all the arts by now. It was the spats, more

likely. They were magenta-dyed doeskin, and he could stare at them, fascinated, for hours. "Sho is some spats," he murmured over and over. "Sho got me *some* spats. Jes take a look at them there spats, man. Hi-de!"

"Like it better now," said Lebon, "since you see how easy it is? Don't want to go back sellin' magazines, huh?"

"Nussuh. Like it! Ain' never own so much money all my life. Sake! Reckon y'all mus' be some fairy-man, Mistuh Lebung, gittin' me all these clo's and jeweleries an' yaller hats — jes fo' singin' silly ole song."

"I knew you'd look at it like that," said Lebon, all smiles, happy that his talented *protégé* no longer incessantly complained that he was too sad to sing, didn't want money, didn't want no new clothes no-how.

Then the something happened. It had to. It just had to because Willie Faucet, saddest man in the world, was human. He simply couldn't stay sad in this benign existence. The paying public noticed it gradually; the dapper colored manager immediately. "Listen here, Willie," he took him aside after one particularly bad performance, "what the hell were you gigglin' about out there?"

"Gigglin', Mistuh? Sake! I thinkin' o' poke-chop dinner we is gonna git after the show. Jes happy, thass all."

"Well, who asked you to get happy? Public is payin' to see you sad. Your songs don't make sense thataway. Forget them pork

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chops and do your stuff right."

"Gee, Mistuh Lebung, I'm so'y. Got thinkin' o' them pink spats an' them poke chops, jes had to feel happy. Feel happy as a lock. Thassit. Happy as a lock. Once, sho-nuff, Mistuh Lebung, caint feel no way but sad. Di'n' have nothin', di'n' want nothin', di'n' have nothin' to be happy 'bout. Sellin' dirty ole magazines make you sad too, Mistuh Lebung."

Lebon shook his head, a profound intuition stirring uneasily in his breast.

It went from bad to worse inevitably, as those things do. "You don't get that silly smirk offn your mugg," Lebon warned him, "and you're through! Million niggers in this here country willin' to laugh their fool haids off for coffee money. You —"

"Yas-sir," he drawled, barely understanding.

"— you ain't gettin' them no more, Willie," the impresario pleaded. "You ain't gettin' inside of them. You ain't tearin' their hearts out. You ain't layin' them in the aisles nor makin' them weep on their honey's shoulder. You — you just ain't. . . ."

"Whut I gonna do, Mistuh Lebung? I try all my might, yassuh. Caint he'p it. Jes don' feel sad inside no mo', Mistuh Lebung."

They played out the few surburban towns on their contract, and then Edgar Travers, in his booking office, gave it to Lebon straight from the shoulder. "Your boy is washed up."

"Now, Mister Travers, we —"

"You know why just well's we do."

"But let me explain," said Lebon hopelessly. "We aim to —"

"Dig us up something new," the agent said with finality, "and come in to see us."

When Lebon told him, Willie's heart sank into its more accustomed pit. Tears stood in his eyes. "Did my bes', sho-nuff, suh. Why you wanna come after me when I say in fust place don' want yo' clo's, don' want yo' money, doin' awright jes like I am, sellin' my magazines? Why you ain' leave me alone? Man ain' got nothin', don' want nothin', ain' laffin over nothin', don' have to worry 'bout missin' nothin'. Thass sense. What all my fr'en's say they see me pokin' in waste bags again? Oh, lordy. . . ."

Big Bardley, out of pity, bought two magazines he had no use for. "Glad you back with us, sad-man," he said, by way of consolation. "Tickle' plum' to death," he grinned.

Georgie Grigg volunteered a bit of philosophy as he picked out several of Willie's poorest specimens. Magazines were going like hot cakes. That was the worst of it. Pity. Pity. . . !

"Mornin', Miz Gumm."

"It hasn't been at all like home without seeing you every day, Willie. I do hope you'll stay this time. Yes, I'll take that one."

"Course you kin sleep in the basement, same as always," Grover Cleveland Smuts patted him on his drooping shoulder. And he, of all the people in the world — he couldn't read a word — bought a Ladies Home Journey. Pity. . . !

Now Willie Faucet, head down, tramped once again along one of Harlem's seething thoroughfares — more, now, than merely the world's sorrows heaped upon his weary shoulders. Seem jes like I half crazy wit' mis'ry, he thought, a dirty magazine slipping from under his arm and falling open into the mud. He surveyed the ragged remnants of his soiled magenta spats.

Seem like I sho-nuff and fo' real been chase' clean outn the Promise' Lan'. Oh, mis'ry me. Oh, lay me low! Lissen to my mo'nful song! I 'bout ready die wit' trouble. Lights is gone, sweet clo's is gone, the music o' the horns is gone. Oh, mis'ry me! This is singin' sad-day.

"Oh, roody river, take me down and drown me,
Oh, snowdy snow caress me wit' yo' cole."

He turned the corner, drifting back toward Mistuh Williams' 'partment house. A cold wind swept up from the river . . . roody river.

Melancholy twisted his flesh and bones to a jelly of mis'ry. Ohhhh! Lay me low. . . .

"Oh, lay me low, sad misery,
Leam me die or leam me go!
Mistuh Mis'ry, why yo' laffin?
Leam me die an' lay me low."

Oh, Mistuh Mis'ry, lay . . . me . . . LOW!

A passer-by, of some musical appreciation, stopped a moment to listen to this fragment. That boy'd be a howling sensation on any stage in the world, he thought.

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BETWEEN COVERS—II

BY LOWELL BRENTANO

Portraits by Constance Naar

Ladylike or Rabelaisian?

THE PUBLIC has very little conception of how and why a publisher seeks manuscripts. I say "seeks" advisedly, in contrast to the passive reception often accorded unsolicited material. For many years there has been a conception of the publisher as a figure sitting scornfully in the most private of private offices, who condescendingly greets authors hardy enough to survive a secretarial barricade. To-day, and for that matter so far back as I have known publishing, the situation is vastly different. Increasing competition and the greater complexity in business organization have made it impossible for a publisher to depend for his program on manuscripts submitted to him. So, like a go-getter in any other business, the modern publisher must get out on the firing line and bring down his books.

Sometimes I have had the unique experience of getting my author and then being compelled, by higher authority to relinquish him, or, in this particular case, her. I should capitalize the word "her," for I speak of Mae West, whose name is now the occasion for an almost international toast to the beauty of women and the gayety of nations. Miss West has, in the past, written a number of plays, but her activities as a novelist are comparatively recent. It was only about three years ago that word passed mysteriously through the publishing world that she was contemplating a literary career. A number of us editors abandoned all other tasks in an effort to make an appointment with her — and, like Abou ben Adhem, my name led all the rest.

I was told to report at her apartment, which was, I believe, on 57th Street. A demure colored maid let me into the living room, at which I gazed in pained surprise. The room, of very generous proportions, was on two levels; that is, about halfway down the room there were a few steps, and the remaining half of the room was on this higher level. There was no furniture at all in the rear end of the room but on the high level there was furniture. To be precise, in the exact center of the wall, between the two windows, stood a huge bed, with an elaborate lace spread, posts, a tall and ornamental top and bolster — the same bed, I think, that was used in the stage set of *Diamond Lil.* Surrounding this bed were four tiny gilt chairs, so fragile in appearance as to make me think they would collapse on first use. I was afraid to sit on the bed, afraid to sit on the chairs, so nervously I paced the room.

Suddenly Miss West made her entrance, gowned in a very beautiful and, even to my inexperienced masculine eye, very expensive negligee. She walked with her well-known un-

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dulating glide, one hand holding the negligee about her, the other on her hip. She passed by me without offering to shake hands; apparently I was not in the room, except for a courteous bow and a "How do you do, Mr. Brentano." She headed directly for the bed, threw herself on it, her head on the bolster, her hands behind her head, her legs crossed. Then she smiled languidly. . . . "Well, Mr. Brentano, what can I do for you?" Without even giving me a chance to reply, she took one hand, patted the bolster, and said, "Now, Mr. Brentano, don't be bashful, come right over here and sit down."

I confess I forgot all of my carefully planned arguments, at this greeting. Often, since then, as I became better acquainted with Miss West, I have laughed at myself, because I have come to realize that it was typical of her technique. She believes in assuming the offensive immediately — and I have yet to see her meet a man in any walk of life without jolting him before he could even shake hands. Unlike many authors who are boresome conversationalists, Miss West's repartee is exceedingly swift on the uptake and well calculated to take the wind out of the sails of any braggart. She has a marvelously keen and versatile sense of adjustment to people around her and knows almost instinctively when to be ladylike, demure, scathing, or Rabelaisian.

To return to my story, after several conferences, I persuaded Miss West to sign a contract with us for the publication of her novel. She was already working on it and planned to finish it within a few months. Eventually the completed manuscript was put in our hands on scheduled time, and then my troubles began.

Miss West, in her contract, had been kind enough to grant permission for me to edit the book to a limited extent, and after reading *Black and White* (which was the tentative title) I decided a minimum of cutting would be advisable. Some cynic, talking about a similar situation, once remarked that "he not only called a spade a spade, but a damned spade." Miss West evidently followed this cue; at any rate I felt it advisable, in the interest of not too greatly accelerating the American blood pressure, to delete certain passages. She endured my efforts with good grace but looked sadly but accusingly at me and said, "Don't try to make me respectable, Mr. Brentano; my public expects me to be bad."

"I must have a tub."

Finally I showed the manuscript to my Board of Trustees and met with an instant rebuff from these worthy but reactionary gentlemen. Had I gone mad, to think that our conservative house could publish such a book? Had I lost what little discretion I ever possessed, to recommend it for publication? Had I the audacity, or merely the stupidity, to nominate this good little bad girl as a novelist? I stuck to my guns, but the enemy outnumbered me decisively, and eventually I was forced to transfer the contract to another publisher. It is a rather bitter and belated consolation to me that the book had a large sale and was merely a prelude to Miss West's growing popularity on the screen.

Subsequently I won at least a consolation prize by being associated with Miss West in the writing of her recent picture *I'm No Angel.* But that's another story. Before leaving the subject of Miss West, I might add a few biographical details for the ladies — yes, and for the gentlemen also. Most people who have seen her on the stage or screen conceive of Mae as a lusty young Amazon, of distinctly hefty proportions. They are being deceived by wires and padding and superimposed bulk. Mae has a tiny, fragile figure, like some blonde Dresden shepherdess (I talk of her figure, not of her character), patrician hands and feet, and a natural peaches-and-cream complexion that any *débutante* might envy. When I last saw her, a year or so ago, she weighed about one hundred fifteen pounds and was as slender as a woman could be and yet have curves. But, she told me, the dress she wore, with its wire framework designed to accentuate her curves, weighed some forty pounds.

No athlete in training could live any more carefully than does Mae West, in her efforts to aid nature. She eats almost no breakfast, little more than that for lunch, and permits herself only one normal-sized meal a day. Frequently

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this is late at night, after she has finished the evening performance. She does not smoke, she does not drink — with the exception of a few sips of claret or light wine. Every minute she can spare from an almost incredibly heavy working schedule is devoted to exercise, massage, or sleep. I may be shattering a great illusion, but Mae does not dissipate! Indeed, I am in a difficult position in giving my impressions of her. Most ladies would be highly insulted, to say the least, if a gentleman called them "bad women." I am afraid Mae will be even more insulted if I call her "a good woman." So I will call her nothing, and you can judge for yourself.

I Work at a Breakfast

On only one other occasion have I ever discussed contracts with an author in the informal setting of a bedroom. The contrast between the two occurrences is so great that I might properly at this point tell of my experiences with that famous Irishman, Lord Dunsany. He came to America in the early 1920's, and I had promised myself a meeting with him, hoping for an opportunity to secure his future books. From what I could learn of his plans, he intended to spend but a few days in New York, after which he proposed to travel. I knew, if this were so, my opportunities for arranging an appointment were slight and I feared that even if I did get to him many of my colleagues would have his ear first. I thought of meeting his steamer, which docked in the early morning, but this seemed a bit precipitate and ill advised. Finally I decided to wait at the hotel where he was expected to register and to accost him for an appointment as soon as the registration formalities were over. If my memory serves me correctly, it was at the old Hotel Knickerbocker on 42nd Street.

Eight o'clock in the morning found me waiting patiently in the lobby, and, sooner than I had anticipated, he arrived. I recognized him from his pictures — he was a big, genial man, dressed in tweeds and surrounded by innumerable pieces of luggage. I stepped up to him, presented my card, and apologized for my intrusion. I asked whether I could not have an appointment later in the day. To my astonishment, for I had rather expected a rebuke for my American impertinence in rushing him off his feet, he greeted me most cordially. "I say, old chap," he said, "come on upstairs with me now. I must have a quick tub, but then you can join me for breakfast." This exceeded my fondest anticipations, and I accepted instantly. But, if I had expected privacy, I was doomed to disappointment.

Once in the room Lord Dunsany started to disrobe for his tub. Hardly had he taken off his coat when the telephone rang. He motioned me to answer it. It was a friend of his, and so a long and animated conversation was necessary. Another ring . . . another friend . . . a third ring! Lord Dunsany was becoming acquainted with the American tempo. He looked despairingly at me. "Would you mind very much helping me?" he asked. "I'll never get my tub if this keeps up." "Go ahead," I said. "Take your time, and I'll act as your secretary." He went into the bathroom, but a moment later the door opened, and his head popped out. "Would you mind ordering breakfast for me? . . . Plenty of marmalade and tea. . . ." More telephone calls and clamorous knocks on the door. A number of reporters and news photographers had arrived and were gathered in the hall.

I was in a quandary. I did not know whether Lord Dunsany wanted publicity or not but I dared not take the responsibility of either admitting them or sending them away. I told them His Lordship was fatigued and engaged and they would have to wait until I could communicate with him and ascertain whether he would give an interview. "Who are you?" asked one reporter. "His Lordship's secretary," I said glibly. Then they descended on me with bibliographical and personal questions, which, of course, I could not answer. I retreated hastily and closed the door in their faces. They knocked again. Lord Dunsany came from the tub attired in a huge dressing gown, simultaneously with the arrival of floor service with his breakfast. I explained the situation. It did not disconcert him in the

Never sees visitors

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No book on any terms

least. "Why, of course," he said, "have them in." "But your breakfast, Lord Dunsany," I protested. "Well, I can eat and talk at the same time. Isn't that what you Americans do?"

So Lord Dunsany sat down to his breakfast and I opened the door to admit the press. The press stampeded in, about a dozen in all, including three or four cameras. It sat on chairs, beds, window sills, while the photographers crawled about adjusting their paraphernalia. Questions flew thick and fast, and Dunsany, munching his toast and marmalade and sipping his tea, answered them all imperturbably. Unfortunately, I missed the larger part of the interview, as by this time the telephone was keeping up a steady clamor, and I devoted most of my attention to Central. Finally, after the departure of the reporters, I had a few breathless minutes to broach my own private affairs. As I had rather anticipated, Lord Dunsany's other commitments prevented my making any arrangements with him, but my disappointment was tempered by his unexpected hospitality and his genial charm.

Barrie Bars the Way

I did not have so happy an experience when, some years later, I attempted to meet another whimsical man of letters — none other than Sir James Barrie. Before my usual trip to England, a theatrical friend had besought my aid in securing Sir James' consent to the dramatization of one of his books as a basis of an operetta or musical comedy. Everything within reason, the terms, the adaptor, and the business arrangement, were to be subject to Barrie's approval.

After I reached London, I sought the advice of an Englishman in the publishing world, and he suggested I write Barrie. He told me he doubted very much that Barrie would consent or for that matter would even see me. I did not take my friend's warnings seriously to heart. I had heard, of course, of Barrie's inaccessibility but I did not fully realize the meaning of it. At any rate, I wrote him a brief note, explaining who I was and asking for an appointment at his pleasure. To expedite matters, I outlined the project briefly and pointed out it would take none of his time, might result in substantial profits, and, so far as I knew, would conflict with no other of his existing contracts. I added that I assumed, if the project interested him, he would prefer me to discuss the business details with his agents but, regardless of this, I hoped for the pleasure of paying my respects to him.

About ten days elapsed, and I had received no answer. I was worried that my letter had miscarried or that Sir James had been out of London and that my letter was mislaid in an empty apartment. I wrote again, enclosing a carbon copy of my previous note. . . . Still no answer. Now I suspected I was being given a run-around, and my curiosity overcame my discretion. Finally I took my courage in my hands and climbed the long flights of steps to Barrie's apartment. I rang the bell, which was promptly answered by a circumspect gentleman who seemed a combination butler and secretary. I explained my errand, and was told my letter had been received. "Would it not be possible," I asked pleadingly, "to meet Sir James for a few minutes?" "Sir James never sees visitors," was the haughty reply. I was, however, promised an answer to my letter, and with this I had to be content.

A few days later I received a very brief and very formal note, signed by Sir James's secretary and regretting that Sir James was not interested in my proposal. And so I can say that here is one case in which rumor is accurate. Barrie is, to say the least, harder to see than any other author with whom I have ever had contacts.

He Did Not Choose to Write

Another author whom I found readily accessible and with whom I had an easy, if not an almost instant, audience was a man destined to be a world figure. I refer to the late Calvin Coolidge. I happened to be in Boston at the time the famous police strike was settled, and Coolidge's name was on every lip. The newspapers rang with his praises, and editorials

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commended his wisdom and his courage. I scented a book and resolved to approach his secretary for an appointment.

I went to the Statehouse and walked through endless corridors. I asked attendants for the Governor's office, and they directed me to my destination. I had expected, as I neared it, to be stopped by guards and barred gates and to be rebuffed by secretaries and assistant secretaries. Instead, the corridors surrounding Governor Coolidge's sanctum seemed almost deserted, with the exception of a desk immediately outside the door of the gubernatorial chambers. But there was no one at the desk. Cautiously I peeked into the chamber itself, and there, at the other end of an immense room, sat Coolidge, dictating to a secretary. I tiptoed back in the corridor and waited developments. Finally an attendant arrived, and to him I told my story. He was back in an instant. "The Governor will see you," he announced.

I was so taken aback with the speed and simplicity of the reception that I entered the room in a daze. Knowing how precious his time was, I came directly to the point. Coolidge listened carefully. "What do you want a book about?" he asked. "Any subject that suits you, Governor," I answered. "I assume you are interested in political questions, and any book of this nature, or on your theories of government, would be welcome."

"Why do you want me to write a book?" he asked emphasizing the "me." This question rather floored me. I hesitated, hardly knowing how to reply. It would not be tactful to say I wanted a book by him in the hopes of making a profit. Suddenly I recalled an editorial I had read in one of the papers discussing him as a candidate for the presidency. A strange intuition led me on. "Because," I replied calmly, "I think some day you are going to be the President of the United States and I want the privilege of being publisher to a president."

Pride of Virginia

He smiled, almost imperceptibly, as if secretly pleased. "I'm sorry, Mr. Brentano. What you ask is impossible. . . . I've been offered large sums for just a single article in several national magazines, and I cannot even do these. I haven't a spare moment. Let alone do a book, I can't even write an article."

I made one last attempt. I suggested that sometime in the future he would have more time and then would in all probability write a book. I urged him to consider, on terms satisfactory to himself, giving me an option on any book he should write in the next five years. Again he gave his fleeting smile, and replied, "No. I'm sorry. I can't do anything now and I prefer to avoid future commitments." He shook hands cordially and dismissed me. That is the nearest I have ever come to being the publisher for a President of the United States.

Cover versus Contents

Afterwards I reproached myself, for I always felt if I had hit upon a subject or a title sufficiently interesting Governor Coolidge would have made time to write. Indeed, few readers, I believe, have a conception of the importance of a good title on a book. A fitting and an artistic title can help a book the way the proper clothes can help a woman — to accentuate her beauty. I do not mean, of course, that a fine title will save a poor book but I do mean that a poor title may condemn a good book to oblivion. Frankly I am a crank on this subject and retitled many books which we published.

For example, we once had offered to us the memoirs of a young Englishwoman, entitled *The Autobiography of a Minister's Daughter.* The book itself, I felt, had charm, freshness, and considerable humor, all of which were vitiated by the label. We drew up long lists of suggestions and finally rechristened her book *Merrily I Go to Hell.* The practicability of our efforts was demonstrated by the fact that after publication a motion-picture company bought *not* the book, but the *title.*

Another case which I remember was a translation from the German, a novel telling in fictional form about the famous Scott expedition to the Arctic — that tragic expedition from which so few returned. I do not recall the original title, but in our opinion it was deadly. After many arguments, we stumbled upon a new name — *White Betrayal.*

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What I am trying to say, in brief, is that I believe a successful title should, at least by implication, be descriptive of the contents of the book and at the same time pique the reader's curiosity. Titles, like women, should, I think, have both glamour and lure — lure, that is, for the pocketbooks of the readers.

Despite the huge success of *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, and now *Anthony Adverse*, I personally have a prejudice against name titles, except for biographies. I have a feeling that most people have poor memories for names and that, similarly, few names are sufficiently distinctive and fitting to be coupled instantly with a certain individual. All of us, for example, have had the experience of going to a social or business gathering, there to be introduced to a number of people in rapid succession. Afterwards we try to classify the various people we have met and to attach them to their names. Unless your mind works more accurately than mine, the result is a dreadful blur. But everyone remembers the girl in the red hat, the man with the horse nose, and the laughing lady. That is why, visualizing the hundreds of books picked up in shops, like strangers awaiting an introduction, I prefer titles to challenge and hold the attention.

To Read, Not to Write

But sometimes even a title will not win a prospective author. Not so long ago, I conceived a title and an idea for a book which could have only one author. I was reading about the Pride of Virginia, Lady Nancy Astor. It occurred to me that, with her American background and heritage, coupled with her years of experience in English public life, she was the ideal person to write a book interpreting the women of England to the women of America . . . and, of course, there must be some chapters interpreting the women of America to the women of England . . . and the title should be *Hands Across the Sea*.

I broached the idea to Mr. Shaw, who was good enough to see some merit in the idea and to permit me, in writing Lady Astor for an appointment, to mention his name as my sponsor. That is, I could say I was Mr. Shaw's American publisher.

For several weeks I had no answer to the letter, which rather surprised me, so I mentioned the matter to Mr. Shaw. His eyes twinkled. "Oh, you'll probably hear from her in a few days," he said. "She's just checking you up." "Checking me up?" I repeated. "I don't quite understand you." "Well," said Mr. Shaw laughingly, "Nancy wrote me about your letter and asked me if you were really my publisher." I was more amused than perturbed at this true example of English caution.

Gradually my stay in England drew to a close. I was leaving for Paris. Already I had secured my hotel reservations, shipped my baggage, purchased my passage across the channel, and even made a number of business appointments for my first day in Paris. The boat train left about eleven o'clock, and about an hour previous to that time I was in the hotel lobby, settling a few last-minute details. A telegram was handed me, reading: "WILL YOU LUNCH ST JAMES SQUARE MONDAY ONE FIFTEEN — NANCY ASTOR." (It was Monday.)

Thinking of this, I often smile when I hear hostesses describe a last-minute invitation as an American custom. At any rate, it seems to be a custom taking hold in the English peerage. I was heartsick at the opportunity I felt I must forego, but my plans for departure were so advanced I knew I would get myself in an inextricable jam if I tried to reverse them. So I sent Lady Astor a telegram of explanation, regretting my inability to accept. Subsequently I wrote her from Paris, offering to return to England immediately if there was any opportunity for a meeting to further my project. She answered me very charmingly. Quoting from her note: "I am afraid I cannot consider either writing or sponsoring a book. Apart from the fact I simply cannot give the time to it now I have no natural inclination for writing and should not care to give my name to anything which was not my own work. I feel you understand that point of view. I should like to meet you but not to write." And a year later, when she was in America and I was again on her trail, she wrote, "The more I read of books the more determined I am not to write one."

Mr. Brentano's third article will appear next month.

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PROFITABLE UNEMPLOYMENT

BY J. BLAKE LOWE

DEATH AND TAXES are no longer in a class by themselves. Unemployment, apparently, is the third certainty. Modern methods of medicine and industry have guaranteed our present-day civilization an army of jobless men. The number of unemployed will undoubtedly grow or dwindle with changing economic conditions, but the evils of this international disease are permanent. Will we seek a cure or shall we continue to inject opiates in large doles until the patient becomes an addict?

To-day, there are millions "on relief"; thousands are employed to administer that relief; and hundreds of millions of dollars are expended in what has become a major industry in this country. Unemployment is, in fact, "big business." And, as it is a monopoly by its very nature, the employed public is being squeezed. Here is a gigantic problem, the solution of which is of vital significance to our civilization. All efforts to cope with it have met with colossal failure. And why not? Has any business ever succeeded by the simple expedient of collecting tremendous capital resources from its stockholders and distributing the proceeds to unproductive labor? Yet that is what we are so magnanimously doing to-day. The taxpayers of the federal and state governments are in reality the stockholders of a huge unemployment corporation. They are contributing millions in capital, and the funds are promptly invested in relief — an intangible product that has no market. The services are rendered to uncollectable accounts and must be charged off as very bad debts. The continuation of such a process can lead to but one end — insolvency and failure.

If, however, we assume that unemployment is big business, we can treat it as such. The problem may be studied and approached on a basis similar to that of any other large industry. Under such circumstances, mounting red figures will not be met by the continued assessment of stockholders but will be reduced by proper planning and lowering of costs. This, of necessity, demands permanent organization and competent management; economical and, if possible, profitable operation.

In this country during the World War, the government was faced with the responsibility of housing and caring for several millions of our citizens in training for military service. It established cantonments in many of the states. These cantonments were semi-permanent in structure, were regulated by military law, and were sanitary. Under government supervision and support, new centers of organized population were created. Forest and stream gave way to small but well-planned and efficiently managed cities. May not healthy and regulated colonization be similarly planned for our unemployed?

II

FOR THE purpose of practical illustration, reduce the problem to a single state. Assume, for instance, that the State of Maryland establishes an unemployment colony patterned in some measure after the military cantonment produced by the war. Like the cantonment, this colony will be under government supervision and support, regulated by law, and sanitary. It will be a center of organized population. Unlike the military cantonment, however, it will be permanent in construction and designed to house families instead of soldiers. Around it, and a part of it, will be sufficient farming land to support the maximum estimated population. Properly planned, this reservation for the unemployed will be capable of contraction or expansion in corresponding periods of prosperity or depression.

Those in need of emergency relief will be

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sent to this colony, in many instances in groups of whole families. The unemployed carpenter will be assigned to carpentry work, the cobbler to making and mending shoes, and the farmer to farming. Unskilled labor will be utilized as such or taught useful trades that will fit it for service when business conditions improve. In periods of economic stress this colony will expand and become a center of industry. In periods of economic abundance, it will contract, as unemployment decreases and its members are absorbed by legitimate industry. On the one hand, it receives the overflow of humanity — the man out of a job and unable to find work. On the other hand, it becomes an enormous unemployment service bureau, finding new jobs for its citizens as business returns to normal and the demand for labor increases.

The colony will be operated in the same efficient manner as any other large business. A skeleton, but permanent, administrative and executive organization will manage it. The surplus population of the state will provide the employees. It will be a non-profit enterprise established and run for the benefit of the state's unemployed. All work, therefore, will be done for the mutual interest of those living in the colony. No monetary compensation will be given except, of course, to those employed by the state government in the administration of its affairs.

Raw materials and supplies will be purchased at cost or on a competitive basis. No surplus products will be manufactured or marketed, with the exception of food. All surplus food raised on the lands of the colony will be sold back to the state for use in state-owned institutions, such as hospitals, schools, prisons, and so forth. The revenue derived from this source will then be used to purchase new raw materials and to reduce the ultimate costs of operation to a minimum — possibly until a profit is realized.

As all productive labor will be utilized solely for the benefit of the unemployed and needy part of the state's population, there should be no cry from legitimate industry, no political opposition. The state will be relieved of a tremendous burden, taxes ultimately reduced, slums obliterated, and the anchor of unemployment cut loose from legitimate business for all time.

Utopia? Yes, but a practical Utopia. Instead of an open dole, there is an open door to decent living; instead of charity, there is faith and hope; instead of the annual waste of millions, there is economy; instead of current relief, there is permanent cure; instead of moral degeneration, there is moral support; instead of an unparalleled expenditure of funds for the unemployed, there is a new industry in this country — economically operated and efficiently managed.

Such a Utopia unquestionably is communism on a small scale. But segregated communism is better than national communism. Rank poison, if administered in small doses, is often a cure for the most virulent disease.

We have learned little from history in this country of ours, and there is much to be gained from the past. In the second century, B.C., Rome was a world power. But Rome, even in the era before Christ, was troubled by unemployment. Tiberius, who belonged to the highest nobility of Rome, proposed to give land to the poor and even to use public funds to stock these farms. Roman soldiers, he claimed, returned from victorious wars with nothing left to call their own but light and air. But the plan of Tiberius was branded as socialism, and his economic reform was defeated.

A decade after the death of Tiberius, his brother, Gaius, took up the problems of the unemployed. He sold them grain at half the market price and won the applause of the lazy rabble. This vicious law saddled the treasury with a heavy burden, and eventually the government was doling out grain for nothing. Indiscriminate charity increased until over 300,000 were on the public payroll. Later, government funds were used to build state roads (public works) to furnish employment for the rapidly growing class of paupers. Still later, the establishment of colonies for poor citizens was begun, but this wise policy was not continued, and there came the epoch of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire — due to the failure of the ruling classes to solve the problems of the poor.

How closely this story, over 2,000 years old, parallels our own! Will we profit by the past, or will history repeat itself?

Will we strain at the communistic gnat and swallow a red camel?

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A PROTEST FROM THE HUMBLE

Women of Rabbit Ridge

BY ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING

WHEN WE HAD once made up our minds to it, we grabbed the last three letters of the alphabet quick, before the government could get them, and organized the XYZ or the Rabbit Ridge Women's Club. The XYZ combination doesn't mean anything. Not a thing. But with all the organizing and letter using that's going on we feel more important to have the letters.

Things are mighty happening these days. Any way we look there is something plumb new. Even the ABC's don't look like themselves since being wooled around every which-a-way by the government — and we're right bothered. We've got our dander up and our feelings are hurt and with the two together —

Well, when we make up our minds to look for the bottom of things, we look. Not that we always find it. No. But it's something to look.

We've been holding a meeting of our club twice a month at the home of the member that takes a daily newspaper. That is, it comes in her name this year. Next year we'll all join in and pay for it again and have it come to one of the others of us. One of the members takes a farm paper published out in Kansas that she traded chickens for when the agent came around after subscribers, and one of us takes a monthly magazine.

Sometimes, when there is speaking at the county seat, we give a dozen eggs apiece to a neighbor so he can buy gasoline and take us in his truck to hear the speech. And so, altogether, we know a right smart more than one would think — and are still bothered.

But since Rabbit Ridgers never let an opportunity pass without saying how proud they are of where they live, it might be well to say it now before I get so deep into the piece the Club wishes me, as president of the XYZ, to write, that I'll forget to boost the Ozarks. We like to remember that the Ozark country lies in the heart of the Great Middle West, "the bread basket of the nation." And though we've been feeling these last few years that the heart is about to stop beating, still we're plumb proud of where we live.

And we aren't just a little bitty old dab of land, either. There are thousands of square miles of us. Maybe seventy. Some say eighty. Anyhow, we cover all the south half of Missouri most of northern Arkansaw, and a right smart little corner of Oklahoma. And we're mostly small farmers. Here and there is a case beyond that, but he's such a small drop in the bucket that we don't even know he's with us.

We voted to name our piece "A Protest from the Humble." It gives us courage to write it to remember that there are such a heap of people like us. People looking for the bottom of things; people who want to know what it is all about; small-farm people.

It is claimed that fifty-three per cent of the people of the United States are rural people, but of course there are rural people and rural people. Numbers of ruralites are so near to being city people that one can't see the difference. They go to the opera. They pattern after the sophisticates, see, and are seen. But there are

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others — and three-fourths of the ruralites make up the "others," the small-farm population. And there are thousands of small farm women in the Ozark country who are bothered just as we are bothered, and there are thousands and thousands outside the Ozarks the same way. Bothered.

Maybe it shows a lack of brain matter. Maybe we ought to dicker with the brain trust for a block of intelligence stock. We could trade chickens at a bargain for a few shares right now, seeing that they're eating their heads off and not paying for their keep.

It's the chickens that are eating their heads off and not paying for their keep.

Travel Broadens One So

But there is one thing that we are sure about. We know that the old saying, "One half of the world don't know how the other half exists," is completely true. The upper half thinks that the world is made up of people like itself. Rich women write books that nobody would publish if Sudie Smith of Sandy Center were the author. They edit departments and make speeches and plan programs, rich programs, for all women, when most of us are half naked and more than half hungry. They don't know a blessed thing about women like us at Rabbit Ridge but they tell us how to furnish our homes (think of it! how to furnish our homes!), how to take care of our hands, how to budget our time, how to hold the love of our men, how and where to travel, and so on and on and on.

Still, we do travel — us women of the small farms in the Ozark country. We travel to the fields to help our men plow and plant and, when the drouth leaves us anything to gather, we travel to help them harvest. We travel to the forests to help get wood. We travel to feed the chickens and to milk the cows and to do the thousands of things we have to do every day of our lives.

And every year we travel to the cotton country to earn money for flour and other things we need for the family. Picking cotton, we travel back and forth and up and down the cotton rows, dragging a long sack after us. When the sack is back-breakingly full we get it emptied and start traveling again. If the baby has to ride on the sack, it gets heavy quicker, but sometimes the baby takes a nap if there is any shade and if the flies are not too bad.

The small farmers in the Ozark country don't raise much wheat, and they don't raise enough corn to fatten the hogs we need for our pork and lard. We depend a heap on the acorns for hog feed, and when the acorn crop fails our hogs die. Last winter the woods were full of starving and starved hogs. But even if they had squeezed through we wouldn't now be able to sell them for enough to pay the cost of shipping, while meat and lard, flour, clothes, and shoes — all the things we need — are sky-highing in price. Our men can't afford an extra pair of overalls for Sunday, and our children will keep on going barefooted.

The other half don't know a thing about us.

And there's that idea about budgeting our time. We're told that the shorter working hours make it necessary for people to take up hobbies, which we reckon are sidelines or something, so as to use up all this time that we don't know what to do with. But if there are any shorter hours for the small farmer we haven't seen anything of them — and the small-farm people are at least three fourths of fifty-three per cent of all the people of the United States.

We surely would like to get to the bottom of some of these bothers. There must be a plumb rotten foundation.

It would make us laugh, if we didn't feel more like shedding a tear or two, to read about the handmade underwear that's coming back in style. Ours, when we have any, is made on the sewing machine, if we can buy thread, because the flour sacks have to be pieced together; but, with flour the price it is now, we don't even have enough sacks to make clothes for the children.

A heap has been written the last few years about the hard times and how they have affected the people. There's a big idea going around that they've made better people of us, brought families closer together, deepened our spirituality. It might have looked that way for the first couple of years, but you see it's like an old wagon that runs over the same road every day, cutting the ruts deeper and deeper and rougher and rougher. At last the old wagon is so wabbly and worn out that it gets on its own nerves. It's creaky and cranky and all in.

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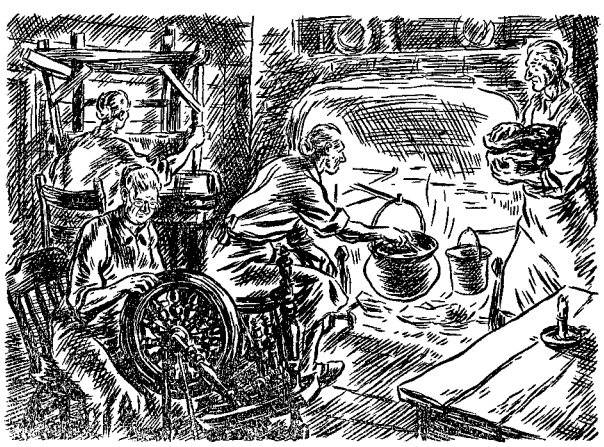
That's what the strain of the hard times has done to us. Just like the old wagon.

But it has given the people that don't know anything about it something to talk about and write about. And the rich women are having a plumb big time, laying out programs that we can't touch with a ten-foot pole.

Our daily paper has a heap to say to women about keeping themselves young and pretty so their men will like to look at them. If we had to take the time to do all that, we'd never even begin. We'd pack his bandanna and tell him good-bye while the honeymoon was still on. But the daily paper did have one article that made us sit up and take notice. This article told about how a lot of women these days are making their men feel small and incompetent and unsuccessful because they've lost their jobs or aren't being paid as much as they were paid before the hard times came along.



After a good deal of discussion it was voted that there weren't any words that we could use that were strong enough to say just what ought to happen to women like that. And all the members want me to make it plain, depression or no depression, that that is something of which the backhill, backwoods woman has never yet been guilty. When St. Peter opens his book, that is one sin he won't find chalked down against her. When things are bad, she does more than "stand by." She *wades in*. If the waters are deep, she's right with him, helping him more, if possible, than she has ever helped him and letting him know that she understands and that never, in all her life, has she appreciated him so much. It helps her man a heap to have her tell him that — or to show it by her actions, if she can't think of any words for telling him. And, come to think of it, she doesn't often have to pack his bandanna, either before or after the honeymoon.

How to Be a Success

The dumbest member of the club felt plumb bad when we got to reading in the magazine about some of the successful women of the country. Dumby is often that way till she has time to think a mite, and before the meeting was over she said she wondered if any of them were any more successful than was Ellen. I won't mention the rest of her name here, but Rabbit Ridgers were well acquainted with Ellen. Ellen's husband died when her youngest was a two-months-old baby and her eldest a little redhead of four. On her unstocked little Ozark farm, Ellen set in to make a living for her three little boys.

The struggle, if properly told, would make a long book. Thousands of women and as many men would have dropped under the hardships. Ellen didn't drop. Her Scotch tenacity and her love for her children kept her going.

When her eldest had completed the rural grades and the way was not yet open for higher schooling, do you imagine this boy dropped out of school? He was like his mother — and didn't. He took the eighth grade three times, and then there was a way. He was a janitor, lackey, dish washer — anything and everything that was straight — as he worked his way through school and helped his mother drag the younger boys through. Each of Ellen's boys now is nearing the top in his chosen profession. But the world has not heard about the successful woman that was back of them.

Dumby said she reckoned that Ellen — we can't talk much about people that have crossed over to the other side, but we all 'lowed that Ellen probably has some special stars in her crown, maybe enough to divide up with the women in these magazine articles when they get over there themselves.

And there is Margery. Margery is still living. Her husband has been a semi-invalid for years — bed-fast part of the time — and all these years Margery has been the mainstay on the rocky few acres that are her home. She tends her truck patches, keeps as many chickens and hogs as conditions permit and a cow or two. She takes a few days off each time a baby

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comes but is up and busy again as soon as she is able to walk.

Never for one moment has Margery lost sight of her one aim in life: to do her best for her children. She keeps them in school. When the weather is too cold for their bare feet and thin clothes, they stay at home a few days, but, when the wind is again tempered to her shorn lambs, they are back in school.

When the local school closed early this year because of lack of funds, Margery didn't sit down, resigned to no further education for the children this year. These youngsters are walking five miles to another school that is still running. Margery is up at four every morning, cooking breakfast and putting up lunches for five hungry children, seeing them off for the day, and turning to the toil left behind them. They'll be home late in the afternoon with an appetite. There must be a warm supper ready.

Leaving the two younger children with their father, Margery takes her gun and dog some time in the forenoon and goes to the woods. If she is lucky, there'll be squirrel pie for supper. If she isn't, the beans will be cooked the way the children like them, and their appetites will pronounce it a good supper.

Margery and Ellen are the types of successful women that the other half of the world don't know.

And we've got a heroine among us — Judy.

Everything seemed all right that morning when Judy's young husband left for the county seat, ten miles away. It would be a full day's journey walking, maybe catching a ride now and then for a piece of the way, but everything seemed all right and safe. A couple of hours, however, made a difference.

Judy did some quick thinking. She had no telephone, no car, no neighbor nearer than three miles away. She must reach this neighbor's home in some way, quick. The neighbor would send for Judy's mother, and Mother would drive the team and return to Judy's home with her.

All the time she was reasoning this out, she was putting the harness on the team and hitching it to the farm wagon.

The driving was slow and bumpy, and it was with increasing discomfort that she covered the three miles, only to find nobody at home. Her mother was four miles farther on. She must try to reach her. . . .

The family carried two individuals into the house when she reached the home of her mother. The baby arrived almost as Judy, in enduring agony, drove bravely up to the gate.

When she got back home with the baby, the other day, the neighbors outdid themselves carrying to her a part of their canned fruit and little things they could spare for the baby. We are not nominating Judy as a great or successful woman. She hasn't lived long enough. But we think of her as an example of backwoods grit and we didn't feel nearly so left out of it when we got to thinking of Ellen and Margery and Judy.

People Are So Helpful

It's plumb interesting how, every little while, a lot of money is spent making a survey of the farmers. Somebody comes around to look into us, noting our run-down buildings, the little we have to eat, and how we eat it, when there are a heap of things we'd rather have. It minds us of that man from the city who got into an argument with Lem Summers and climbed a tree in the hottest of it.

"You cannot hit me with impunity," he said from the tree top.

"All right," Lem told him, "a club is better, anyhow."

We feel that something else would be a heap better — a price for our products, for instance. We'll always improve our buildings when we can sell what we have to sell for enough to make it possible. And we already know how to eat. What we need is enough to cook. And what we want more than anything else in the world is the return of a chance to make our own liv-

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ing. We want a fair price for our products and livestock *and then to be let alone.*

We look back with longing to the days of the cream checks and the price of butter, when we wished to make some butter as well as to sell cream. And eggs! We got a real price for eggs those days. We always had food and clothes — and money in our stockings. And our children were not undernourished. And what we ask now is that the farm gets back on its own legs and is let alone.

A heap has been said about a budget of the family income. They tell us it is very necessary these days and times, and Dumby insisted that we make up a budget for the XYZ and the neighbors, showing what we've been able, since 1930, to set apart for each year's needs. This is what it looked like when we got it done:

For rent (with us this is taxes, upkeep, etc.)	$00.00
For food	00.00
For clothes	00.00
For savings	00.00
For insurance	00.00
For doctors	00.00
For miscellaneous items	00.00

We didn't list light. We go to bed with the chickens these days and get up with them. Otherwise the kerosene can has a way of getting empty. And we didn't list heat because Rabbit Ridge can get its own wood, and, since our time is the cheapest thing we have at present, we trade it in free.

But we have nothing to trade for taxes and upkeep and for the food we do not raise.

There was an article in the magazine about how we should go over our wardrobe and try on our last year's things so as to be sure whether or not we can wear them before buying clothes for the new season. It was plumb impressive, and Dumby said, "Did you-all take your other dress off the clothesline and try it on before makin' your list for new things, so as to be sure you're in style?"

We didn't waste much time talking about the clothes we won't have.

There's been a right smart in the papers about money and salaries. Seems like the last few years has been a great time for grabbing in high places, even when the depression was at its worst — though if there's been a time when it wasn't at its worst we didn't know it at Rabbit Ridge. But it seems that a heap of the big salaries got bigger while the little salaries got littler or winked out altogether. The figures of the big salaries are so big we felt ashamed of them, and Dumby says it can't be true because of course there isn't so much money in the world. But if it is true — if people actually are willing to grab when children are hungry — well, if it is true, then we've been penning the wrong people in the kidnapers, the gangsters, and the hold-up men.

And they say that in spite of the depression the national income is fifty billions of dollars. I'm spelling it out because it doesn't look quite so frightful as four periods of figures with a dollar mark in front of them. We can't quite believe it even when it is written in words. It doesn't look reasonable that there could be so much money when there are so many jobless, hungry people.

It made us plumb blue just to think about it, and to get our minds on something else one of the members read an article about bed covers. There was a whole page on the subject, telling us what we ought to have — how they should be warm and not too heavy — and we said that maybe the other half would like to know about the covers the small-farm people make for themselves.

When our men have worn their overalls and britches till they can't be patched any longer, we sew together what's left of them and retop and reline our old, ragged quilts. Each time we tack on new covers or new linings the quilts are a right smart heavier than they were before. Some of them are plumb hefty. I reckon they couldn't claim any kin with warm, lightweight spreads and all-wool blankets and eiderdown quilts but they've sure got staying powers. When the winter wind screeches through the knot holes, our quilts are so plumb there with the goods that it isn't often they're blown clean off of us, but we will admit that the knot holes are not as big as they might be, seeing that we generally nail something over the holes that the rattlers can crawl through; but just the same we're right proud of the staying qualities of our quilts.

Sport in the Ozarks

One of these very advising writers suggests that the rural people study nature and get acquainted with the birds and animals! Another solemnly informs us that unless the

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young families of birds and beasts are protected sport will vanish! Dumby wants to know why they don't tell us that two and two are four.

But we object to the word "sport" in connection with the slaughter of birds and animals. We grow up with them. We believe the lore connected with our friends of the woods. There's the whippoorwill, for instance, and the superstition about his prediction of the date of the first hard frost the following autumn. When we hear his first note in the spring, we figure on the first killing frost and prophesy the date of its arrival.

It is considered an omen of good luck when the whippoorwill utters his cry near the home.

And there's our beautiful little slate-colored "mourning" dove. We have a really tender regard for this little dove, for wasn't it the dove that was sent out from the ark to see about the high water? And, finally, didn't she stay away? The plaintive cry that sends chills up and down one's spinal column convinces us that the dove could tell a heap if she wanted to. How do we know that this little dove is not a descendant of the dove of the ark?

A person that wantonly kills our harmless birds is looked upon as a monster. It just isn't to be done.

We're squeamish, too, about our wild animals and a little more so about our pets. When conversation lags, always there is a story about a dog, and here is one about a cat.

Toby has a good home with a neighbor on Bear Creek, but Toby's owners don't want a colony of cats. The children of the family objected so strenuously to getting rid of the small kittens that Toby was allowed to keep her first two families till they were large enough to live without their mother, when the children found homes for them.

Soon a third family came along, and, when this third family was old enough to wean, Toby disappeared. So did the kittens. At the end of a week, Toby came home alone. A few days later the children of Toby's owners recognized a kitten at the home of a neighbor as one of Toby's. Later the other three were seen in other homes.

Since then, Toby has disappeared with two other litters, and, as nearly as her owners and the neighbors can keep tab on Toby, her method, as she travels over the sparsely settled territory, is to leave a kitten at a time in a yard of what seems to this animal mother a friendly place where a little kitten will be welcome.

Toby provides a real sob story for us, and, while nobody knows the ins and outs of her cat reasoning, nobody can convince us that Toby doesn't know what she is doing and that she doesn't prefer to find homes for her own kittens.

Feeling as we do about animals at home, it is easy to have a sentiment for those away from it, and a boy who has had the patience to spend a spare hour within sight of a nest of young foxes, watching the little creatures at play, has to remember hard that in ridding the neighborhood of a fox he has a double reward — that of saving the chicken roosts and the price he will receive for its skin.

We're a little more hard boiled about the timber wolf. The specter of the wolf at the door is somewhat responsible, maybe, and yet one who has seen a litter of little wolf puppies peeking out of their crude nest, waiting for their mother to come home, hasn't nearly so much enthusiasm for the wolf hunt as has one who hasn't seen the puppies, even though he knows that the slaying of a wolf means protection for our sheep and pigs and at the same time a bounty for its scalp.

But sport is not always sport.

We get a big kick over the way the people of the other half of the world talk about their servant problems. An article on that subject always means a laugh for us, and of one thing we are sure: if we had a servant in the Ozarks, we wouldn't call her a servant. The XYZ thinks that is the reason it is a problem. American people shy at the word "servant" when it applies to housework.

Now we don't mean to say that we never have any help in our homes in the hills. Sometimes we do. It is a rare occasion, but sometimes we do have a little help. A neighbor's daughter will come to us in a time of stress and help us out. We pay her in whatever we have that she hasn't — maybe apples for the family, if they have no apples. Maybe potatoes, if we have them and she hasn't. And when we have money we pay her in money — but money! There isn't any. We still don't believe those figures.

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We call this girl who comes in to help us by the name she is called at home — Peggy or Jennie or whatever it happens to be — and she is as eligible to in-law-ship as she was before she did our housework. Indeed, the son of the family often sees a girl through new eyes when she is working in his home, and not infrequently a new cabin is built and a new home set up in the wilderness as a consequence. Many a family has found its daughter-in-law in this way and many a family has found its son-in-law in the hired man, the son of a neighbor.

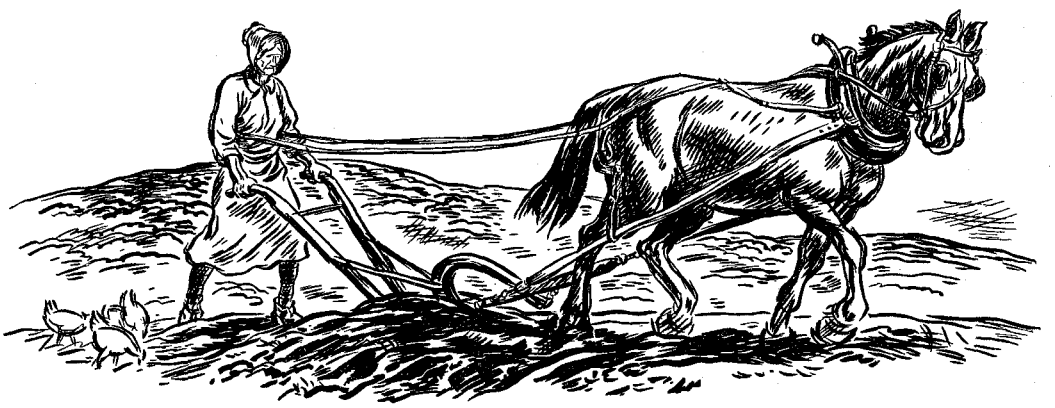
Among the things we just can't read aloud in our meetings are the stories and articles about the youngsters who go away to look for work. Not a family of us that hasn't a heartache over some boy or girl.

One of our neighbors has a young son who, desperate from hunger and exposure, did an illegal thing in the eyes of the law and is paying for it in prison. Another boy of the neighborhood has turned tramp. Another one died in a transient camp for the homeless. And a girl — this girl was the idol of her family, but she lost her job in the city factory —

Her mother grieved as mothers do — and died. Her father and her brothers never speak of her to the neighbors. And there are other cases.

Nothing makes us sadder than to hear about the plans the other half of the world can make for its boys and girls — the traveling they are to do, the education they are to have, the life work they are being fitted for — when our own are growing up and being turned out into a world that has no place for them. We're bothered.

But this piece could go on and on. The Club thinks we haven't half had our say, haven't even begun to cover the ground — which we haven't. And we aren't any nearer to getting at the bottom of things than we were before we wrote this — but we're looking. And it's something to look.



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THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY GUTZON BORGLUM

If I should attempt to describe briefly the world as I want it I would say an *honest* world. And honesty, to be effective and useful, must be *active* and *courageous*.

Unfortunately the rewards of freedom in America have overgrown the power that created them. Through greed and purchased security wealth has become the overlord, and the methods of creating wealth confessedly dishonest and a menace to democracy.

In order to create a sense of security now utterly lacking I would inaugurate a plan to free every small home in the country from debt.

I would prohibit home mortgages that endanger the future shelter of the family.

I would pull down every dog kennel now called a country school and build instead a country assembly house, with simple, homelike decorations and conveniences. Between the hours of nine and three the building would belong to the children for study and recreation, but after that the older people would have the use of it for parties and entertainment.

I would see that every child learned the use of every part of his or her body. Nothing develops courage and initiative like personal physical contact. I have boxed with and been knocked out by some of the great fighters of our day. If you want real fun out of life tackle something that's bigger and abler than yourself — tackle the gods — that will test the best in you and possibly defeat you — and that too is sometimes better than success. Then tackle them again and again. You learn only from the gods!

I personally do not need government, but a considerable portion of mankind does need government — does need to be told what it can do, what it *should* do for its own well-being and safety.

Our government has done nothing for the heart and soul of the people. It has never concerned itself with the creative life of its citizens, their dreams or their creative productions — not even to protect the products of genius, unless those products offered immediate commercial possibilities.

Our government has never rendered any good or useful service in training and educating the alien peasant millions streaming into the country, though it has exploited them to secure their suffrage. These people of the older world, homeless and without equipment, *have created our empire without aid!*

II

When I think of the administrative responsibilities conducted by cabinets, trained professionals, statesmen, in the business of national housekeeping and international relations, anger cannot express my distress and regret over the failure they make of their jobs. If we could only dismiss government! — the pomp, brass, graft of which it is mostly composed! If America cracks, she'll not break. If she cracks it will not be through capital's insatiable greed but through government crumpling under its own incompetent bulk.

The machine that was destined to become the national Frankenstein was, thank God, not a Democratic creature; we Republicans have got to admit fatherhood to that bastard offspring. That machine made Uncle Sam a multi-billionaire and made him, at the same time, the most gullible, ill-organized, most abused and despised pawnbroker in the world — despised because he uses cash in lieu of judgment and places money return above human betterment. Our people are unhappy, irresolute, uncultured. In discussing these questions recently a Cabinet officer remarked to me: "I can go across the Avenue with a

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handful of gold and buy a truck load of brains but with a truck load of gold I would not be able to buy a handful of public courage and honesty."

With millions of dollars tossed to the wind for the maintenance of trade and political supremacy I am wondering why we cannot earmark one per cent of that amount for a ten-year program for the advancement of culture — a program to be administered by bodies of nationally representative men and women.

The mere announcement of such a program would instantly illumine and give new hope to a nation that is desperately resisting further decay — a nation in which, under the stress of political economy, æsthetic values have been utterly forgotten. I venture to predict that within a twelvemonth the services of such a committee would succeed in awakening an enormous demand for all that America can produce in the fine arts.

It happens also to be the most natural thing for President Roosevelt to do; it belongs to the character of mind I have often noted in him; it belongs also to the general reawakening that must come out of this world depression.

Such a committee might also be used to extraordinary advantage in what I shall call the homing plan — to make the little homes, towns, and little cities — the new settlements — if not definitely beautiful, at least picturesque and alluring, free from that commonplaceness, poverty of thought, and back-yard filth that marks almost every town or city in the United States.

The committee would also develop a great national movement in music, opera, art, the drama, by organizing open-air theaters, traveling art exhibits, lectures, educational films. It would send properly qualified teachers to the poorest country districts to bring life, color, and happiness to all our citizens.

Here in our Western world we do not need political formulas. We need plain common sense, common honesty, boldness and more boldness on the part of able executives — men of character and judgment, capable of making decisions in the open without audience or stenographer. America is full of these dependable leaders, but they are out of the run of politics, impatient under bureaucratic control.

Sonnet on Turning a Radio Dial

They are the foes of silence and of time,
These voices from the fringes of the earth,
Thronging the streams of air with stave and rhyme,
Charging the clouds with ribaldry and mirth.
Out of the futile dark the sounds arise,
Whistling their way from cities, strange and far,
Cleaving tumultuous pathways down the skies
Long held inviolate for moon and star.

O little valiant voices of the dust,
Lifting your dreams like torches in the night —
Sing on against that hour when time shall thrust
A lean forefinger to put out your light,
And all the centuried silence of the loam
Like some great tidal wave comes thundering home.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS

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AFTER DEATH—WHAT?

BY J. B. RHINE

THROUGHOUT the history of recorded thought few questions have occupied more universal attention than that of human survival of death. To-day, although it is kept further in the background than it once was, since it does not fit into the world picture of the machine age, it is, I think, all the more acutely asked in silence. This clash of mechanism with the older tradition has only raised the problem the more sharply.

It is true, modern education is training us not to expect post-mortem existence, and for a fast-growing portion of the race the question of survival is thus quashed before it can fairly be raised. Along with this influence of mechanistic science, goes the declining respect for the merely traditional support of theology. But this transition is not answering the question — it is only laying it aside.

In the minds of many of those who raise the question to-day it is more than a personal question, much more than the problems of heart-rending separations at the graveside. It is tied up intimately with that most fundamental problem of social life, the problem of conduct — of ethics. This is not to refer merely to the cruder concept of possible rewards and punishments in after life but rather to recognize the significance for mankind of a larger perspective, based on definite knowledge of wider personal horizons — of at least a partial independence and dominance of personality in the universal scheme. The ethical guidance value of such a living concept can hardly be realized.

But can the question of survival ever be answered? This cannot be said, with safety, until all means have been tried and exhausted. Until they have been, it is a perfectly open question. Let us see what means have been tried in the past and then, as far as possible, review those that may remain.

Most of the larger questions raised by the mind of man have in general been answered by three broad methods. First and most primitive is that of revelation — mystic, prophetic, inspired, and the like. This is the religious contribution to the beliefs of mankind. Second, there has been the speculative and unverified reasoning of the philosophic approach. And, third, the methods of critical observation and experimental verification that characterize the scientific procedure.

The first of these broad approaches gave us most of our existing concepts of the survival of man and the so-called spiritual world. The second has been brought into service mainly as a defense for these beliefs when serious doubts began to assail them. The third method has not as yet been fully brought to bear directly upon the question.

The influence of the first method, that of revelation, has seriously declined during modern times. An essential link in this way of answering questions was that of the authority granted the seer. With the decline of this authority through skepticism, this method has fallen into disrepute. Although there are still many who feel that they are the recipients of revelations, they possess small authority for the modern world. There were, it is true, many movements in the nineteenth century that showed that even in our western world there was still until lately, in certain quarters, strong inclination to respect revelation. The followings drawn by revelations such as those of Joseph Smith, Andrew Jackson Davis, Madame Blavatsky, and Mary Baker Eddy illustrate this. But the twentieth century has shown very little patience with prophets and seers. To-day few among our critical young people look to inspired revelationists to answer the important question of survival.

Speculative philosophy has been since the days of Origen the rationalistic handmaid of

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religion and with its various arguments, ontological, moral, and of other varieties, has staunchly endeavored to bolster up the waning strength of revelationistic authority. But in latter days armchair philosophy too has lost much of its authority as a method, and with the growth of science the need for the verification of its logic has become more apparent. So to-day its arguments serve mainly for the reassurance of those who already believe. The skeptic is rarely won over by them.

II

WHAT THEN has scientific method contributed on the problem of survival, and what has it to promise? The first systematic effort toward a controlled scientific study of the question was made by representatives of the English Society for Psychic Research in the 'eighties using the "medium," Mrs. Piper, as principal subject. In the course of these studies some of these representatives, one of them the famous exposer of Mme. Blavatsky, Dr. Hodgson, and another, Professor Oliver Lodge, became convinced from their studies that not only did human personality survive death in some form or fragment but also that it could, in a feeble way, communicate with the living.

By what type of evidence were these men and others of their circles persuaded? The method begun by William James (who was himself almost persuaded) and developed to approximate perfection by Professor Hyslop of Columbia was essentially this. The medium went into trance in the presence of the investigator, and a few minutes later a person unknown to the medium was admitted to the house and seated behind the medium. The identity of the visitor was not disclosed throughout the experiment. He was not allowed to speak or give himself away in any manner. He left the house before the termination of the trance. All the utterances of the sensitive, as well as remarks of the observer, were taken down in full for later verification and study. After a large number of experiments of this type, with many different visitors or sitters, it was discovered that the trance utterances were in general very meaningful and appropriate for the particular visitor present and that knowledge was shown in these utterances that the medium herself could not normally have obtained. The peculiar personal quality of this knowledge and the appropriate attitudes expressed gave to the visiting sitters and to the observers the impression that the personalities who claimed to be communicating were indeed present.

But there were among the scientific students of the field at the time some who urged the so-called telepathic hypothesis as a preferable one. This view held that telepathy, from the sitter and from distant relatives, to the medium might, in conjunction with the trance personality of the medium, which they regarded as possibly a split-off or dissociated state, account for the utterances given during the experiments. That is, that the trance personality of the medium would impersonate the appropriate discarnate personalities, using knowledge gained telepathically from the sitter and other persons. The French school headed by Professor Richet substituted the hypothesis of cryptesthesia (a hidden or sixth sense) for that of telepathy, which the former included in its scope.

After the beginning of the century and following the death of Frederick Myers, a classical scholar much devoted to this problem, a new type of evidence arose in which there appeared, through one medium, fragmentary classical references found later to be completed or added to through another medium who did not normally know of the first references. After a number of somewhat intricate cases of this type, called cross-correspondences, still others of the English Society group were at last convinced of the survival theory. But again there were other interested scholars who withheld conviction.

Several advances in method have been made during the post-war period of the century. One of the most important of these is called the book test. The method consists in a "communicator" giving a page-and-line reference to a book, located in a specified bookshelf to which the medium has not had access, and then tying up this reference with a personal experience known only to the visiting sitter and the deceased personality which it is claimed is communicating. The advance in method here is claimed to exclude telepathy and to tie up the supernormal knowledge with appropriate memories; but it will be seen that it does not exclude from application the Richet hypothesis

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of cryptesthesia.

Still more striking are the newspaper tests, in which the reference is made not to an existing book but to a newspaper not yet in type. This requires capacities not included under common telepathy and cryptesthesia, unless we add precognition to them. But, since the French school does include this precognitive aspect as accompanying cryptesthesia, the evidence of the newspaper tests is still not crucial in proving the survival hypothesis.

The "absent sitting" procedure has been developed lately, with a view to making the evidence more difficult to explain by the telepathic hypothesis, since under this method the experiment is held in the absence of the sitter for whom the communication is desired and who remains supposedly unknown to the medium. There are, however, students of the subject who still hold that, if the medium is granted the capacities of telepathy and clairvoyance, independent of space and time, and if her secondary trance personality is developed so as to be able to impersonate sympathetically whatever personalities her supernormal cognition tells her are appropriate to the sitter, she could well carry out the rôle of the medium without the help of discarnate personal agencies. Even the still more remarkable instances in which the same communicating personalities seem to follow a sitter about as he goes, incognito, from one medium to another, as happened in the recent John F. Thomas case, still appear to leave the final clear-cut answer to the question wanting.

Finally there is the method adopted from general psychology by Whately Carington, in which the trance personality and the medium's normal personality are compared by psychological and physiological tests. Although these tests do show great personality differences, no one has yet shown adequately *what extremes of difference to expect from impersonation* in the trance states of a medium of long training and of spiritualist philosophy. To assume differences in such a case due to the intrusion of independent personal agencies would be in our present state of knowledge to beg the question.

III

THERE HAVE been, then, almost fifty years of more or less scientific studies of the problem of mediumship. And during this half century some of the ablest minds of the times have participated. A good portion of these has been convinced that something occurred in the studies made that could not be explained by the usual known laws; that is, that something supernormal happened. Many of the latter were persuaded by the evidence that the causation of these phenomena required the assumption of the survival of human personality after death. Yet few if any, even of the most vigorous of these, would claim that their convictions rested upon undebatable proof; and not all of their evidence together can be taken as making a clear and final case for the survival hypothesis.

On the other hand no clear and final case has ever been made against survival. It has remained in spite of the improvements in method still an open question. This situation strongly emphasizes the need for a still better approach to the solution of the problem, and while there is no assurance that the next one tried will be the final and crucial one that is needed, there is no other way but to go on seeking it.

First, in the search for the ultimate solution of the problem it is *necessary that every other possibility be exhausted* before the hypothesis of spirit agency is considered. If mediums are to be used, the first need is to know thoroughly all that can be produced by the natural personal endowment of the medium herself. This appears so simple and sensible that the reader will be surprised to learn that no study of such capacities has ever been made. Even those who have pushed the telepathic hypothesis have not tested the mediums for telepathy. It is only within the last year that the first systematic examination of a recognized medium, Mrs. Eileen Garrett, was carried out. In this study conducted at Duke University the first capacities measured were those of clairvoyance and telepathy, the special abilities that would come nearest to accounting for the results usually produced in the trance state by purported communication. These capacities were both found to be present in the normal waking state in Mrs. Garrett and in almost precisely the same measure found present in her primary control or trance personality, Uvani.

Similar studies should be carried out on all the principal mediums, always of course under

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appropriate and favorable conditions. The other elemental capacities which might conceivably contribute to the phenomena of trance mediumship, such as precognition and retrocognition and the capacity for trance impersonation, should next be thoroughly estimated over a number of successful mediums. So long as the natural capacities of the medium in these directions remain unexplored it is not scientifically safe to draw a conclusion about the survival hypothesis.

Suppose we find that mediums as a general class do *not* possess the unusual capacities mentioned. It would, I believe, be the greatest advance toward proof of survival in the history of the subject. Such a study in order to be exhaustive would have to be laboriously long. It would have to meet the psychological requirements necessary to permit these probably delicate processes to function. Failure should not be too quickly taken to indicate absence of the capacity, especially in view of the successful work with Mrs. Garrett already published.[1]

On the other hand, let us suppose that it is found that the medium does possess all these unusual capacities. It is quite within the range of possibility, since there is increasingly strong evidence that some of these capacities are quite natural common assets of at least a large portion of the species.[2] This would suggest strongly that ordinary mediumistic utterances could well be the product of the natural endowment of the medium concerned. It would not *prove* this explanation; it would, however, make it certainly the more economical and favored hypothesis. And none of the types of mediumistic phenomena reviewed above would be proof of the exclusion of this interpretation.

But to go on with the supposition that the natural capacities of the medium may account for all the ordinary mediumistic phenomena. This would, I believe, mean almost as much for the survival hypothesis as for its competitors, since it would help to give a rational basis of possibility for the survival theory. Many have been baffled by the very inconceivability of discarnate personal existence. Without the sense organs, how could minds intercommunicate? If we find that telepathy is a natural capacity of the human mind, that is one answer to the question. How can the incorporeal personality know what is going on in the objective world, without brain and sensory endings? One answer would be clairvoyance, if clairvoyance is truly a natural property of mind. And so we might go on if we had the facts. The very survey, then, that serves to make it more difficult for the survival theory gives it what may be ultimately much more important to it, a partial rational foundation in conceivability.

[1] Character and Personality, *December issue, Duke University Press.*

[2] *See "Are We 'Psychic' Beings?" December* FORUM.

IV

FOLLOWING the suggestion of the purposive psychology of Dr. McDougall, I would next call attention to the principle that the most identifying characteristic of an individual personality is the peculiarity of his purposes. As the detective traces the criminal and identifies him often by the peculiar thread of his motivation, so I think agency may be traced in these complex mediumistic phenomena. The actual set-ups required I have suggested elsewhere, and they are too lengthy for repetition here. Reduced to a few words, they involve the experimental production of phenomena of the general mediumistic type, but under circumstances that exclude the range of purposes peculiar to the medium and to other living individuals possibly concerned, thus narrowing the possibility of origin to the one discarnate personality under investigation. This type of phenomenon has been reported to occur spontaneously, and, assuming but a small part of the co-operation frequently assured by purported spirit personalities, the experimental results suggested might reasonably be hoped for. The most valuable experiment would be that in which the purpose shown by the results led to an intrusion into a strange and indifferent field, to which this purpose would be entirely foreign.

As an example of the above suggestion, suppose that a surviving personality should suddenly *intrude* into the mediumistic utterances intended to represent another discarnate agent, using a strange medium who would normally have no motive for evoking his presence and to whom such intrusion could be only a disturbance. Then suppose he projects into the recorded utterances, in addition to the necessary identification material, a peculiar appeal or

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warning concerning the welfare of a living friend who is entirely disconnected with any of those present at the séance yet who is amply identified, and that he expresses in this appeal a point of view and purpose attributable to none but the purported intruding communicator himself. Given good identifications, and clear demonstration of a purposive concern peculiar to the one discarnate agent identified, there is as yet, I think, only one hypothesis reasonably adequate as an explanation for such cases; this is the survival hypothesis. This brief example presents only the main features of the proposed approach to the problem. Besides amplification of details, many variations and repetitions would be needed for satisfactory proof of the hypothesis.

To many the clearest manifestations of the independent agency of discarnate intelligences have been given in the instances of so-called hauntings or "invasions" that are sometimes seemingly carefully and impressively reported. At least the survival hypothesis has much poorer competition in application to this type of phenomenon. I recognize the scorn with which such a suggestion will be received by most fellow scientists but I insist that the only credence needed (and all that I can myself give) in the situation is that which simply recognizes that the more seriously reported cases might well be worth thorough examination especially if systematic observation can be applied. Although there is always about these cases an aspect of "spirit pathology" which the spiritualists attribute to personalities being "earth-bound," it may well be that behind the queer disturbances lies a principle of tremendous human significance. If not survival, something else of importance. We have only to recall the history of Jenner, Mesmer, and Freud to remind ourselves that out of the "messy" and mysterious and pathological spring many of our greatest insights.

The problem of survival as it stands to-day is first, then, the psychological problem of the natural capacities of the sensitive as a human subject, since this is a necessary standard of comparison. At the same time it must be ascertained if the human mind is such as *could* function to some degree independent of its body relations. These will be long preliminary studies and the work of a much needed, well-endowed institution. *Finally* will come the exploration for the agency involved in the production of any phenomena of such purposive peculiarity as could be ascribed only to a given discarnate personality amply identified. The minute technical details for this may well be left to the expert investigators of the future. The ground is not yet fully ready for them.

For Jonathan Swift

Strange and beautiful after the stormy dark
To see the gray east blossom like a flower;
After the tumult and the gusty strife
To watch the slow dawn come with tired silence.

Strange and beautiful that in the mighty earth,
Haunted by sounds of winds and roaring waters,
There lies securely hidden loveliness
Secret and dark, that no man shall discover.

More strange than these, more strange and beautiful
After the savage hatred of your laughter,
To see your bitter lips, instead of scorn
Wearing a smile of weary tenderness.

FRANCES EISENBERG
University of Tennessee; Knoxville, Tenn.

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WHITE BREAD

A Short Story

BY DORA AYDELOTTE

SOMETHING had happened to get Ma all worked up. Minnie knew it the minute she came in, cold and wind-blown, to the snug farmhouse kitchen. Knew it by the way Ma rolled out pie dough with emphatic thumps of the rolling pin, by the way she talked to Pa.

"No," she denied, "I didn't just imagine it. When I come in late to the sewing circle, the talk hushed up too sudden. Some of the ladies had a kind of guilty look. Pretty soon Miz Elmer Luppy said she wasn't naming no names but there was certain young folks setting a bad example to the church. And she looked right at me. She holds it against me yet, because I didn't ask her to the su'prise that time." Pa reached for his cap and went sneaking out.

The oven door slammed on two symmetrical apple pies. "Get your things off and set the table," hurried Ma. "The boys c'n gather up the eggs." Minnie unbuckled her clumsy ar'tics and set them under the stove to dry. "Who did Miz Luppy mean?"

"You know's well as I do she meant Barbry and Con." Light from the wall lamp shone on Ma's stooped shoulders as she turned the pot roast and put the potatoes in to brown. "No wonder they're getting talked about. . . . It's all very well for young folks to want a little fling, but they're carrying it too far, sashaying all over the country. Barbry told me herself they went some place ev'ry night last week but two."

She counted on her fingers. "Le's see — the party at Pruella Howse's, debating society at Pleasant Valley school, taffy pull at Opal Smart's, and the oyster supper at Fidelity Babtist church. Besides going in town Sattidy."

Minnie felt bad to have Ma take on so. It wasn't the first time, either. Above the cheerful clink of dishes her disapproving words went on. "You'd think Con was made of money, the way Barbry puts on style these days. Wearing her nice brown silk for common, when she's got that old blue cashmere to hack around in. . . . Sending off for a boughten tea gown that she don't need any more 'n a dog needs two tails."

The flood of eloquence subsided as Pa and the boys came stomping in, sniffing hungrily. "My land — I clear forgot the pies!" She snatched them from the oven, browned and bubbling fragrantly.

II

RIGHT AFTER Barbry's wedding, there was a houseful of comp'ny and so much going on. Con's folks gave an infare, with all Flat Branch at the feast, and Barbry, radiant in her wedding dress, shamelessly holding hands with Con. (The piece in the *Fidelity Weekly Clarion* said that "the bride was the recipient of many congratulations and the cynosure of all eyes," whatever that meant.) There were parties and turkey dinners and pie suppers in honor of the bridal pair, until Barbry said Con turned up his nose at plain cooking and he retorted that she was spoiled for a poor man's wife. But they were just in fun.

Just because Barbry wouldn't settle down right away, it seemed like all the fam'ly ('cept Aunt Min, who never had a hard word to say about anybody, and Pa Miller, who thought his big girl was just about perfect) started to find fault.

Barbry might be young yet, fretted Gramma Warren, but she was plenty old enough to take an interest in flowers. Things ought to grow good in that sunny south bay window, where ol' Miz Tousey used to keep her flower stand. But, though Gramma donated her best slips and cuttings, they got pale and spindling for lack of care.

"You don't love 'em enough," chided the giver, laboring over the neglected sprigs.

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"Flowers 're like childern. They need a sight of care. They've got to be humored and looked after," she added, digging up the earth with an old case knife, pinching off dead leaves. Barbry promised to do better, but she forgot, and first real cold spell all the plants froze stiff.

Barbry did gad around a lot. More than once Minnie stopped by after school, only to find the gray cat hunched on the doorstep and the little house locked up. More than once Ma Miller took her mending and went to spend the day with her daughter, only to have the trip for nothing.

When Con and Barbry went to Redford to hear the Swiss Bell Ringers, Aunt Min stood up for them. No harm in good music, she soothed — she'd 've liked to go herself. But Ma didn't like it a bit. "Not that I begrudge 'em a little pleasure, but it's just frittering away time and money. More than that, it's bound to make talk among the church members. You know some of 'em 're pretty strict."

When Ma found out that Con and his young wife had gone clear to Mowneka to see a stage play called *East Lynne*, she went on the war-path. Tried to make Pa give them a good talking-to, but that peace-loving man backed down.

"Con ain't shirking his farm work," he excused. "There ain't much to do, this time of year, outside reg'lar chores. And, besides, I don't see they've done anything so wrong. Young folks 're like colts — they will break out of pasture now and then." Minnie polished a plateful of red apples and put them at Pa's elbow. He grinned and pulled her bobbing curls.

But when the frivolous Mulligans started going to dances, even that easy-going parent shook his head and sighed. Con and Barbry belonged to the church — they knew it was against the discipline to do such things. Some church members had dances anyway, with Ebbie Smock to fiddle for them if he'd backslid enough since the last revival, but, as Pa said, two wrongs didn't make a right. No — firmly — 'twasn't his place to say anything.

Tongues of Flat Branch gossips clacked zestfully. "Like father, like son," some wisely quoted, recalling that old Barney Mulligan had the name of having been a gay dog in his time. Danced and played cards and even bet on horse races. There might, Ma condoned, be some excuse for Con. But not for Barbry, brought up like she was. Seemed like getting married had turned her head.

That young person didn't give a snap of her finger for what folks said. "Let 'em talk," she flouted, tossing her rust-brown head. "Con don't care, either. His Pa says we got a lifetime to settle down in and we ought to kick up our heels a little now." Pa Miller's dark eyes twinkled at Barney's blithe remark, but Ma looked down her nose. "Besides," Barbry finished primly, "I never dance round dances with anybody but Con."

Minnie had always thought dancing was wicked. The preacher thundered against it from his pulpit. At revivals, the 'vangelist declared that the ballroom was an open door to Hell. . . . But Barbry said there wasn't anything wrong in it, and she ought to know. At first, she confided to Minnie, it seemed awful wicked, but, by the time they'd danced a little, her conscience didn't hurt one bit.

Minnie indulged in dreams of that forbidden joy — of swaying to sweet music, a manly arm clasped about her waist. . . . Maybe Amos Ruffner, the tall, beaky-nosed young teacher of Round Grove school, might take her to a dance some time. But that dawning hope faded as she remembered that Amos was going to study for the ministry.

Bound to do her duty by the misguided pair, Ma Miller held a council of war — only she called it a fam'ly dinner. Before the folks came, that Sunday, Ma warned Pa that he and Barney must stick together and give the young folks some good advice. She'd said all she could, and it just rolled off like water off of a duck's back. . . . No use putting Con's Ma up to saying anything — she thought the sun rose and set in that boy, and, besides, she wouldn't say "Boo" to a goose!

If Barbry suspicioned what was in the wind, she didn't let on. Went on like she used to at home — teasing Bill and Jimmie, making a face at Con, talking back to Lodie Green, the hired man, when he came up from the tenant house to see her. Perching a moment on Pa's lap, slipping up behind Ma and untying her apern strings while that lady dished up dinner.

Ma kept making signs to Pa, but, with little Barbry banging a chicken drumstick on her plate and smearing her round cheeks with jam,

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with old Barney roaring out funny stories and Uncle Ed and Con joking and cutting up, there was no use talking serious at the table. Afterwards, the menfolks went to look at a fine Her'ford bull calf Pa'd bought and stayed around the barn. Then it got to snowing hard, and ev'rybody said it was time to be getting home.

In Minnie's room, as Barbry did her hair over and primped before the glass, little sister timidly suggested maybe they better not go to dances or the the*ay*ter any more — it was making talk. Barbry leaned over and kissed her burning cheek. "Now, don't talk like the widow Riddick." And Minnie said no more.

Ma might be too ready to find fault with her own, but let outsiders do the same, and she defended them like a mother hen shielding her brood from swooping hawks. When some of the church ladies hinted that certain young folks needed taking down a peg, Ma flared up and said it was none of their bus'ness. Folks that lived in glass houses, she significantly added, better not throw stones. . . . But that didn't stop the talking. It didn't stop folks from craning around and whispering behind their hands when Con and Barbry came in late to church, after going to a dance at Todd's Point the night before.

III

Uncle Ed had gone down to Shobonier to see about some farm land Gramma wanted to sell. Aunt Min'd been tied down pretty close, so she took little Barbry and went along for a visit with Uncle Wash Warren's folks.

The oldest Coonrod boy came to milk and do the chores, and Minnie went to stay till the folks got back, so Gramma wouldn't be by herself of nights. Almost like going vis'ting — taking her cotton flannel nightie and her other school dress, driving old Prince back and forth to school. Gramma was a great hand to joke and carry on, and they had the nicest times together.

But one evening Minnie came home to find the little old lady fairly bristling in one of her spunkiest moods. "I ain't mad at you, Minnie child," she relented, stroking her granddaughter's silky hair, "but there's some meddlesome folks —" She pursed up her mouth and hurried to dish up supper.

"It was the widow Riddick," she began, helping to the stewed chicken. "I felt like something was up when I seen her hitching that old bag o' bones out in front. She never brings anything but bad news." A maddening pause, while Gramma absently buttered a biscuit on the wrong side.

"Then the widow started in, and I never was so mad at anybody in all my born days. She shook her long black glove fingers in my face and said folks that follered after worldly lusts couldn't expect to be thought well of. I told her no use mincing matters, so she come right out and said there was talk of calling Con and Barbry before the Board of Deacons. Oh," at Minnie's troubled gaze, "not to put 'em out of the church — just sort of lay down the law. They'll meet at Brother Beamer's and —"

Gramma drummed on the table with restless fingers. "Something," she proclaimed, "has got to be done about it. Barbry's my own grandchild, and I'm not going to have her put upon."

The good supper suddenly tasted flat. Minnie pushed away her plate. . . . She'd heard about folks getting put out of the church. . . . There was a girl, once — but Barbry wasn't *bad*.

"Gramma," she appealed, "do *you* think it's wrong to dance and go to the the*ay*ter?"

"Ask me some other time," snapped that incensed person. "Right now I got my dander up too much. I do know it's wrong to blame young folks for wantin' a little fun."

"Does Barbry know about the meeting?" trembled Minnie. "Or the folks? Maybe Pa could do something about it."

"No," mourned Gramma, "that sour-faced ol' Deacon Bristow's back of all this, and he's got too much inflooence. Thinks he owns the church, because he pays most on the preacher's sal'ry. Brother Beamer dassn't come out against him."

Gramma rose briskly, untying her apern strings. "Something," she repeated, "has got to be done about it. I'm thankful you're here, Minnie, because I'll need your help."

Waving away Minnie's troubled, "Don't you want the table redd up first?" Gramma lighted the lantern and went trotting to the barn. With chilled and trembling fingers Minnie hitched up the black horse, Prince . . .

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waited at the front gate while Gramma put on her bonnet and her best fringed shawl.

"Are we going over home?" quizzed Minnie, as the buggy creaked along. Gramma jerked the lines and clucked to their lagging steed. "Ask me no questions 'n' I'll tell you no lies."

They drew up in front of Little Flock par-s'nage. The parlor was all lighted. . . . Gramma stiffly clambered down. "Here we are. . . . Church board meeting, indeed!" She snorted like a war horse going into battle.

"No," to Minnie's faint-hearted plea that she wait in the buggy, "you come on inside. I never heard of a deacon bitin' anybody."

The preacher's wife came to the door, smiling in a flustered sort of way. "Yes," she admitted, "Brother Beamer's in, but there's a meeting of the board, and —"

"That's what I come for," asserted Gramma. . . . She swept in boldly, her small figure defiantly erect, her eyes gleaming behind steel-rimmed specs. The three men screwed around in their chairs. . . . Old Deacon Bristow combed lean fingers through his tangled beard. "Er — umph," he coughed. "Sister Warren —"

"Don't you 'Sister Warren' me," she threatened. "I come here to speak my mind and speak it I will. What would John Miller think if he knew about this meeting? A lot of old he-gossips tryin' to run down as nice a young couple as ever lived, just because they wanted some good times. Set down," as the deacon started up, protesting, "till I say my say."

She faced him sternly. "You let my young folks alone. They're good as gold. Let 'em enjoy their little fling. Can't you see they're eatin' their white bread now?"

Brother Beamer came over and took Gramma by the hand. "God bless you, Sister," he said earnestly. "You're a true mother in Israel."

And to the sheepish-looking deacons, "Gentlemen, the meeting is adjourned." Deacon Bristow flung him a sour look.

Gramma marched out to the buggy with her chin held high, her bent shoulders proudly straight. . . . Minnie trailed after, speechlessly admiring. Wasn't Gramma the spunkiest thing?

Anxious for his warm stable, Prince traveled along in good style, his breath blowing back like steam. The night was chilly, with a raw east wind, but Gramma's thick green face veil floated free. For once she forgot that night air was bad for her nooralgy.

Minnie heard a rich, contented chuckle from the shawled figure at her right. "I was just thinking," confessed Gramma, "what the widow Riddick'll say when she knows I broke up the meeting."

Down the road came a steady beat of hoofs. . . . Somebody in a one-horse rig. . . . Somebody singing, in a full, clear tenor,

> They're bound to run all night,
> They're bound to run all day.
> I'll bet my money on the bobtail nag,
> And you put yours on the bay.

"It's Con and Barbry," whispered Minnie, "going to the tacky party at Peterses." Gramma fiercely cautioned her to keep still. "They mustn't know it's us."

"Must 've been strangers," remarked Con, as the bay mare swung on briskly. "Anybody 'round here'd say 'Howdy' when I called."

"Prob'ly some nosey ol' church folks," jeered Barbry, "didn't like it to hear you sing about a horse race." She drew closer to her husband's side. "I don't give a snap of my finger what they think."

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YOUTH FOR WORK, AGE FOR LEISURE

BY SEYMOUR J. MILLIKEN

THE COUNTRY is hearing much of late regarding a measure to be introduced in Congress early in the coming session, known as the Townsend Revolving Pensions. Sponsored by prominent senators and congressmen, championed by millions of signatures on petitions from citizens in 47 states, and favorably regarded by the Administration, this measure has made its way across the country on sheer merit without newspaper or radio assistance.

Just what is the Townsend Plan, and what are the arguments, *pro* and *con*, on the measure?

From the heart and brain of a wise old family physician turned layman economist, there comes a comprehensive plan of vital interest to each individual. It is an idea worth passing on for others to think about, for it deals with the most pressing problems confronting our nation to-day. It bids fair to banish the mental worries and financial problems of millions of our citizens and help to deliver the United States from the chaos of economic depression.

The conception of this idea originated in the mind of Dr. F. E. Townsend of Long Beach, California. Briefly stated, this involves the petitioning of the Congress of the United States to enact a law pensioning every worthy citizen, man or woman, of 60 years of age or over, who makes application, at $200 per month each. To qualify, the applicant must be entirely free of any criminality. They must retire from all productive or gainful occupation. They must agree under oath to spend this entire sum within the current month in which it is received, within the confines of the United States.

Further, to petition Congress to enact a law creating a national federal sales tax sufficient in amount to pay this fund each month, thus creating a revolving fund so that this money will be in continuous circulation.

Thus an ample fund will be created and collected through national agencies and disbursed again through the hands of the old folks directly into the channels of trade and commerce. This, it is pointed out, will give a steady stimulus to business, with the purchasing power of a vast sum which must be spent regularly every month.

THE FORUM published in the December issue an article entitled "$200 a Month at Sixty — The Townsend Pension Plan," by Seymour J. Milliken. The author's manuscript was liberally edited, and, because it was necessary to rush it to the press, he was not given an opportunity to approve the changes. At his request THE FORUM *presents herewith his original copy, altered only for style-book requirements.*

The author of the plan for combining liberal retirement compensation for the aged with financial recovery and permanent prosperity is a prominent physician whose experience in ministering to the varied ills of humanity extends over a long lifetime. During the depression, Dr. Townsend as Administrator of the Health Department of the City of Long Beach, California, has come into close contact with many of the indigent sick. A large percentage of his patients were old folks whose life savings and provisions for old age have been completely swept away by the financial collapse of institutions in which their savings were invested.

With a suddenness that bewildered them, these worthy and prudent old people found themselves not only helpless financially but a burden to their children or other relatives, who were in a position, frequently, of financial embarrassment themselves and in no situation to assume the added and unexpected load. To many of the old people it seemed to be the last straw added to their anxiety and distress. To feel that they were not only helpless and useless but also in the way caused a rapid decline in their health and spirits and an ardent wish for death as their only hope of relief.

This pathetic collapse of their morale with the hopeless apathy which it produced in them made their care a double burden upon their anxious relatives, who were compelled to stretch their already meager finances in an effort to provide little luxuries and means of amusement for their beloved elders. Many of the old folks went into a rapid decline and died. The sorrow for their loss and the added obligation of funeral expenses made more difficult the desperate situation faced by their sons and daughters.

The daily association with affliction, grim want, and hopeless sorrow obsessed the heart and mind of Dr. Townsend with a consuming desire to provide a cure for the national folly of permitting blighting, destructive want in a land of superabundance. The doctor believes that in this carefully thought-out plan he has found the solution of a baffling problem. He believes that for the nation's older citizens, who have borne the cares of many years, the declining period of their life should be freed from the needless anxieties of poverty. Whether one agrees with the plan or not, it brings to our attention an extremely vital matter for consideration and one which has an important bearing upon the national welfare.

EIGHT MILLION NEW JOBS

INSURANCE statistics show that out of 100 persons reaching the age of 60 only eight have been fortunate enough to have achieved financial success to such a degree that they may live comfortably thereafter without depending upon further earnings. Of the remaining 92 persons, 78 of them are entirely dependent upon such earnings as they may be able to secure, and in the case of many, during the past four years, this reached the vanishing point. The remaining fourteen persons out of the 100 are wholly dependent upon public or private charity. The 78 persons in our 100 who are capable of earning in reality are able to secure only enough to pay partially for their living. But a very small percentage actually earn enough for their entire needs or any surplus to lay aside for the future.

Approximately eight million persons will be eligible to apply for the pension. Economists estimate that each person spending $200 per month creates a job for one additional worker. The retirement of our citizens at 60 years of age

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and over, from all productive and gainful occupation, will thereby create jobs for eight million younger workers, which will in itself be a great factor in the solving of our national labor problem, which has resolved itself into a national unemployment problem of colossal proportions. Persons in the United States who have reached the age of 60 years and over are quite uniformly distributed throughout the population, according to the last census, so that the steady, increased buying power would stimulate business in every section of our land. The amount which would be expended under the provisions of this plan is estimated to give each person in the nation an additional $14 in spending ability every month. This is enough to raise the standard of living very materially above the present low level but fully within the ability of the country to provide.

Industrial Progress Blessing or Curse?

The constantly growing use of power by civilized man is increasing his capacity to produce the things which he needs at an ever decreasing cost. Hence it is under our system that an ever decreasing number of workers is required in production, with the logical result that an ever increasing army of workers finds itself out of employment. If our modern civilization and the boasted advantages of our great industrial progress and achievement are to be a blessing instead of a curse, some sensible and just provision must be devised for the retirement of the older workers such as are embodied in the Old Age Revolving Pensions.

Former generations considered that poverty was an inevitable condition, but the enlightened mind of to-day knows that this fiction has been inculcated by those who would profit most from the continuance of such a system. This calamitous curse of the human race can be abolished. Does a monkey in the forest starve because he has too many coconuts?

The payment and expenditure of the Revolving Pension each month is for a constructive purpose. First, to place an adequate amount of buying power in the hands of our older citizens, which will permit them to satisfy their wants that have been so greatly restricted for the past four years. Second, to create such a demand for new goods of all description that the manufacturing plants in the country will be called upon to start their wheels of production at full speed and provide jobs for many workers now idle. A smaller sum than that specified in the plan will not accomplish the desired result of stimulating and continuing an adequate volume of purchasing power.

This money made available to the channels of trade and industry will immediately start a great volume of buying, estimated at $1,600,000 to $2,000,000 per month. Due to the fact that the country has been on short commodity rations for over four years, and since all sections will be affected, as the old people are to be found everywhere, the buying effect will be widely distributed. It is believed that, as factories and other avenues of production start up, a large number of the unemployed will immediately be called back into activity and permanent employment at fair wages. Beside the everyday expenses such as food, clothing, and rent, there will be a demand for a great number of things dear to the human heart. It will go for travel, for the various forms of entertainment, professional and servant employment, and innumerable things available in this age.

Persons of 60 years and over owning income property and whose income is greater than the pension would not need or possibly care to apply for this pension, as it is not designed to be compulsory. Those whose income is less than the pension would undoubtedly dispose of their interests in the various forms of business to younger people and receive the pension for their declining years.

There should be taken into consideration the fact that a large number of elderly people are now compelled through force of circumstances to live with their children or relatives or in institutions. This plan would encourage the ownership of homes of their own either through purchase or building and thus stimulate the consumption of material and the employment of labor.

Taxes and Crime Reduced

The question is raised as to the great cost of the pensions. Dr. Townsend directs our attention to the fact that this plan will effect a marked reduction in the tax burden. It will be less expensive to collect and spend this old-age revolving fund than it is to maintain our present-day costs of organized charity. Our community-chest drives have become increasingly more and more difficult to raise. The public tires from the continual appeal after appeal to its check book. To many of those who are forced to seek aid from our community-chest funds, it is a humiliation to eat the bread of grudging charity. Society will be relieved of a tremendous burden of taxation now made necessary through the maintenance of old people's homes, poor farms, and various similar institutions. It will also eliminate most if not all of the enormous expenditures now being carried on by city, county, state, and national relief agencies. Also the great public and private pension systems maintained by our large industrial organizations, which are now costing the country many millions of dollars each month and must inevitably continue under our present economic system. One large railroad company ran excursions that thousands of people might hear Dr. Townsend present this plan.

Further in the consideration of nation-wide problems, it is pointed out that the carrying into execution of the Townsend Plan would have a very marked effect in the reduction of crime and present-day banditry. There can be no question as to the fact that the depression has enormously increased the ranks of bandits and hold-up men. These are largely recruited from our young men between the ages of 20 and 30, who, finding themselves without jobs, turn to crime as a seemingly easy way and a short cut to get money. Once in this dangerous game, it is hard to return to upright ways, although the desire to earn an honest living is uppermost in the minds of our American citizens. The records of our law-enforcement departments indicate that crime is largely the result of a lack of opportunity to secure the necessities of life through legitimate means.

Stimulate business and provide the opportunities for our young men to work along congenial lines, and the crime problem will be greatly curtailed. Thoughtful people consider that the wider openings for employment will offer a better crime solution than can be found in our police and in the law courts or other repressive measures.

Each year we send out into the business and professional world from our high schools and colleges five million eager, hopeful young people, in addition to other millions entering work and business who do not graduate. These young folks find themselves in a deplorable situation as they face a jobless future. Former avenues and positions are filled. They find a crowding army of the unemployed competing savagely for every chance to earn an honest living.

Through the maxims of Benjamin Franklin and others, we have been taught in the past that prudent saving was essential in planning for a happy and independent old age. But recent happenings in the financial world have shattered some of our cherished ideas and shown us by sad and tragic experience that no one has been able to devise an absolutely safe method of investment and saving. Statistical records show that 92 per cent of all persons reaching the age of 65 have, in spite of their best

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efforts, not been able to save enough to guard them from the humiliation of accepting charity in some form, either from the state or from relatives. Experience proves that no form of investment is infallible that the human mind can devise which is based upon the small group or individual financing. The Revolving Pension Plan proposes that all who serve society to the best of their ability in whatever capacity shall not be denied that security in their declining years to which their services in the active years have entitled them.

Some Criticisms

No plan of social relief can be suggested that does not have its critics. Some of them see an increase in the retailers' prices to meet the tax. The advocates of the measure point to the fact that a tremendous increase in the total volume of business which this great revolving fund would insure makes certain that larger profits would be possible to the retailer through his old rates than ever before and make unnecessary much of any advance in price. Estimated from sources now available, a sales tax of one per cent to two per cent will be ample to raise this fund, which can be lowered as the volume of trade increases. The recipients of the pension fund will contribute their proportionate share, the same as the general public.

Others fear that this money may be hoarded in the banks and fail to circulate. It is Dr. Townsend's idea that the pensions shall not be disbursed in cash but in the form of government check books or script. The stubs will indicate what the checks are issued for, and the full number must be used before another can be secured. By certain critics it is considered as saddling an unjust burden upon the taxpayers of the country to provide for many old people who never had the ability to earn over $50 a month during their younger years. The proponents point out, however, that many an honest old man or woman has contributed long years of faithful toil, which, while it has brought a small monetary reward, yet has been most essential in the carrying on of our daily life. The small cog may be as important in the working of great machinery as the larger one.

An Endowment Policy

There is another angle to look at. Each person in the nation, if he lives, will sooner or later reach the time when he or she will become 60 years of age. Let us take as an illustration a young man of 21 years, who will have one of the longest periods to live and contribute to this fund before receiving any of its benefits. We will suppose that he receives the moderate wage of $100 per month. During the 39 years up to the time when he and his wife reach the age of 60 years, he will have contributed approximately $950 to the Old Age Pension Fund. During the first year upon reaching the age of 60, both he and his wife will receive from this fund all that they have contributed during their earlier years. Thus for them it becomes an endowed insurance, payable at 60 years of age, backed by Uncle Sam as administrator, without any anxiety on the part of the contributors as to whether the company is sound and reliable and able to meet the test at the period of greatest need.

Dangerous Possibilities

While the two great objectives are to provide security for old age and work for our unemployed millions, there is a third aim, which is to put to rout the present economic depression and render its return improbable. Such a deliverance, the advocates of the pension believe, would be a natural result of the inauguration of this plan. They point to the well-recognized fact that inventive genius in the United States has created a condition in society which has resulted in a huge surplus of producers, as well as a surplus of products. The resulting condition is a constant standing army of the unemployed.

Even in the boom days of the late 'twenties, there was a large number of these unfortunate persons, and their ranks have steadily increased, until to-day it is estimated that approximately ten million or more are denied employment. Including their families, it means one fourth of our population. If three fourths have to carry this one fourth, it means a strain that will bankrupt cities, states, and nation.

Under our present economic set-up, it is regarded as impossible that they can again ever be put to work unless they are willing to accept the short day and the minimum wage. Even then their labor will be too expensive, because machines will do the work in infinitely less time and at less cost. It will probably be the plan of organized society, as constituted to-day, to shunt this army of the jobless aside on some form of subsistence dole and do the work with efficient and tireless machines. Bear in mind the statement, "society, as constituted to-day." Having solved the problems of production to a point where we have more products than we can consume, are we to be eternally faced with the fact that millions of our fellow citizens suffer for lack of these same products? Must they become mere human clods without ambition, content to wear the livery of serfs and eat the bread of grudging charity? Does this harmonize with the American idea to "insure domestic tranquillity"? This is not a picture of the future, it is a present-day actuality. It seems hardly necessary in this connection to stress another dangerous possibility, the threat of communism in America, which is an active, aggressive, and persistent movement. Conditions which encourage its growth should be checked, and it cannot be done too quickly.

Nothing in the way of half-time employment, minimum-wage plans, or price fixing will alter this frightful state of affairs so full of peril. It will tend to grow steadily worse so long as we adhere to our present systemless lack of control of our monetary circulation. Under our present system money circulates, or it does not circulate, in accordance with the fears, whims, or emotions of a few men or institutions that control the major portion of the money of the land.

It would seem that one of the chief functions of government should be the exercise of its power to insure a steady and sufficient flow of money through the channels of trade and commerce, which would be adequate to keep that trade moving at an even tempo, free from fear of panics or, what is equally harmful, speculative booms. The flow should be in a constant volume into the coffers of the United States Treasury and then immediately on its revolving course back again into the avenues of commerce from whence it came.

The banking system of our country cannot do this. Money can flow into the Government Treasury by the taxation route, but from there the stream can reach only the banks. There it stagnates. It cannot get back among the people where it is needed, unless they have security to offer for it. When times are hard and the need for money is the greatest is just the time when people are unable to give security. As a result business slackens, wages are reduced, or work ceases, and people must accept charity.

Should the Townsend Old Age Revolving Pension be enacted, it will bring to millions the joy of better days. To hearts overburdened with anxiety will dawn a new note of cheer. Old age should be the serene and peaceful stage of life which our creator intended it to be "ere the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken." In the spirit of social justice we can say with the prophet of old who looked forward to the coming time when age would face the sunset years with a calm assurance of security, "In the evening it shall be light."

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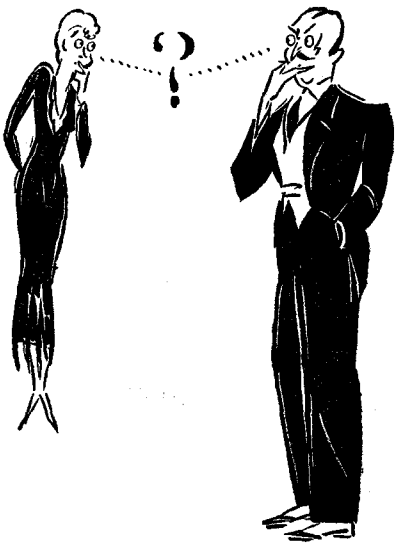
Do you know—



WHO SAID IT?

$1,000.00 for good memories

"Give me liberty or give me death." *Who Said It?* No entrant in the January contest failed to pin this quotation (Number 9) on that statesman of old Virginia, Patrick Henry. "Brevity is the soul of wit." *Who Said It?* Not Pope, as one contestant had it, but Shakespeare, of course! (Or Polonius, to be strictly accurate, in Act II, Scene 2, of *Hamlet.* Either answer is held to be correct). "Shun not the mead but drink in measure." *Who Said It?* Chaucer did *not* say it. This quotation, Number 6 of the January set, is not easy, but the word "mead" holds a clue. Naturally we cannot identify all of the quotations until some time after entries close for the Sweepstakes prize, on June 14, 1935.

The first entry in the January *Who Said It?* Contest arrived less than forty-eight hours after the January issue was delivered by the postman — with six of the ten quotations identified and four of the blanks left unfilled. The Editor of the *Who Said It?* Contest would point out that, while mere promptness is to be given due weight in the award of prizes, the main idea, after all, is to track down the quotations! If you don't know and you can't find out *Who Said It?* make a reasonable guess.

Quotation Number 10 of the February set is almost as easy as Patrick Henry's contribution to the January set. At least one British poet is represented this month. A couple of good books of quotations will prove helpful and, above all, contestants should remember that at least one quotation in every set will be taken from the issue of The Forum in which it appears.

The *Who Said It?* Contest started in last month's issue. It is not too late to enter. Ten quotations will be printed in this and the next four issues of The Forum. Contestants in the *Who Said It?* Contest are asked to identify the source of the quotations.

Opposite each quotation on the entry form printed on the opposite page jot down the name of the person, real or fictional, *Who Said It.* Mail your entry to the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, The Forum Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. Entries for the February contest must be received by February 15 to be eligible for the February contest awards. Names of the winners in the February contest will be announced in the April issue; names of the successful January contestants will be announced next month. Each month there will be a first prize of $50 and two second prizes of $10 each for the *most nearly correct* sets of answers submitted. In the June issue contest there will be eight additional $10 prizes. Contestants who send in *all six* sets of quotations will be eligible for the Sweepstakes prize: $500. Entries for the Sweepstakes will close on June 14, 1935, and the award will be announced in the August Forum. Send in your entries singly or all at once.

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1. *The Who Said It?* Contest is open to any reader of THE FORUM Magazine, except employees of THE FORUM, members of their families, or their relatives.

2. This issue of THE FORUM, the last, and each of the next four issues will contain ten quotations. The object of the contest is to identify the individual who uttered the quotation.

3. THE FORUM Magazine will award monthly prizes (first prize $50.00 and two prizes of $10.00 each) to the person or persons who submit the *most nearly correct* sets of replies. In addition to the monthly prizes there will be a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00 for the *most nearly correct* replies in *all six* sets of quotations. All entries will be dated in order of receipt, and weight will be given to promptness. Allowance will be made for entries mailed from distant points. The Sweepstakes award will be announced in the August issue of THE FORUM.

4. Entries of answers to the set of quotations printed in this issue must be received by the Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest, THE FORUM Magazine, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City, by February 15, 1935. Closing dates of the other monthly contests will be announced later. The closing date for the Sweepstakes prize is June 14, 1935. Contestants must sign their names and give their address. Entries received without name and address will not be considered.

5. Entries must be sent in on the entry blanks printed in this, the last, and the four succeeding issues of THE FORUM Magazine.

6. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine will be the sole judge of the *Who Said It?* Contest, and, by submitting their entries, contestants agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of THE FORUM Magazine in any and all matters affecting the conduct of the contest and the awarding of prizes.

7. Any contestant may enter as many sets of answers as he pleases.

8. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

9. The Editor of THE FORUM Magazine cannot undertake to enter into correspondence relative to the *Who Said It?* Contest, nor will any entry or set of entries be returned.

ENTRY FORM—FEBRUARY

Editor, *Who Said It?* Contest
The Forum Magazine
570 Lexington Avenue, New York City

I desire to submit the following entry in the *Who Said It?* Contest and I agree to abide by the Contest Rules printed above.

Who Said It?

1. I have made my bed in the darkness. . . . . _____
2. They whom I benefit injure me most. . . . . _____
3. Before the American people is a challenge of changing the ideals of brotherhood into reality. . . . . _____
4. We Americans, after all, are a kindly mannered and a reasonably thoughtful race. . . . . _____
5. The rule is jam to-morrow and jam yesterday but never jam to-day. . . . . _____
6. And then my heart with pleasure fills and dances with the daffodils. . . . . _____
7. If music be the food of love play on. . . . . _____
8. Virtue is additionally pleasing when coming to us in one whose form is beautiful. . . . . _____
9. If he's a change, give me constancy. . . . . _____
10. Knowledge is power. . . . . _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

This form must be received by February 15, 1935

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Encouraging Notes

To the Editor:

I am writing to congratulate you on the truly splendid piece of work you are doing as Editor of The Forum. For some time I have been following the articles in this magazine and have found them of a highly interesting, informative, and discerning nature. However, I have been particularly impressed by your courageous and inspiring editorials. Though you will possibly be unpopular with many, I hope you realize that there is a solid body of thought and opinion in this country which, though perforce silent, is nevertheless resolutely behind you.

Paul E. Queneau

Huntington, W. Va.

To the Editor:

. . . It is particularly gratifying and timely that The Forum is giving special treatment to the perplexing problem of crime. The American people are sorely in need of a well-rounded, dispassionate, and intelligent discussion on a serious social problem. At a time when a statement such as "Muss 'em up" comes from a high official, it is well for the people to understand that might does not necessarily make right and that brutality, tried in more than one way in the treatment of the criminal, has signally failed. Unfortunately, the public generally is cold or lukewarm to the subject of crime and its treatment, and is more often amused and fascinated by thrilling stories relating to the exploits of certain types of criminals than in giving any thought or consideration to the need of a thorough and well-rounded program of treatment. . . . It is hoped that The Forum will continue in its present campaign of education.

E. R. Cass

New York, N. Y.

Taxco

To the Editor:

Just a note to tell you how genuinely I have enjoyed Mrs. Morrow's story about Taxco ["In Taxco's Sun"] in the December Forum. It is charmingly and beautifully told and reveals a fine appreciation of the eternal beauty of Mexico. I was a member of Hubert Herring's first good-will group to Mexico away back in 1925, as I recall it; and ever since I have coveted for my fellow "Yanquis" a more sympathetic understanding of and appreciation for the remarkable people to the south of us — and for their country.

I hereby nominate Mrs. Morrow as our next ambassador to Mexico — but that may be hoping for too much from Mr. Farley!

Albert F. Coyle

New York, N. Y.

What Colorado Thinks

To the Editor:

. . . You have asked me a number of times what Colorado thinks of the present national administration. . . . There are a great many sincere supporters of President Roosevelt's general policies who are very gravely puzzled over the question of Mr. Farley. They think that Farley is the embodiment of the Tammany spirit and that he wishes to create a national Tammany out of the Democratic Party. Thinking so, they naturally wonder why Mr. Roosevelt, if he so sincerely wishes to create a new kind of government, tolerates Farley. . . .

E. A. Cross

Greeley, Colo.

Psychic Phenomena

To the Editor:

Dr. Rhine's practical demonstration of extra-sensory perception ["Are We 'Psychic' Beings?" December Forum; "The Practical Side of Psychism," January Forum] is one of the most interesting and intriguing experimental demonstrations which has been made in psychology during the past 10 to 15 years. It undoubtedly opens up many new fields of experimental investigation. It does carry with it the positive danger that those individuals whom William James called members of the lunatic fringe will seize upon this finding as evidence for all sorts of totally irrelevant and unscientific claims. However, since most major scientific discoveries have been accompanied by a similar sort of outbreak, this cannot be charged against Dr. Rhine. . . .

Carney Landis

New York, N. Y.

Class Struggle

To the Editor:

"Why People Strike" [by Elinore Morehouse Herrick, December Forum] is our greatest dilemma, bar none. Mrs. Herrick's conclusions, I am afraid, will only complicate the muddle which the NRA has stirred up. The codes have done in their field exactly what Prohibition did: substituted statutes for moral responsibility. Mrs. Herrick's exhibits were, you see, employers politically coded but personally "bootlegged." An employer, when he had no union at all or a company union, had a presumption, at least, of loyalty to his employees; but when his employees became unionized his personal responsibility ceased. Instead of a more or less discordant industrial family, there became two class units, each trying to maneuver itself into a position of monopoly and power where it might take from the other a greater share than that which might be negotiated or earned. A strike is a clash between the two or, as was the textile strike, the strategic maneuvering of one. Regardless, they are both quite ruthless, and generally the employer is the smarter and the more independent. The codes, in seeking to raise the morality of the chiseler and scrooge, pulled down the ethics of the higher-minded employers into what Mrs. Herrick notes as "the most dangerous trend . . . the squeezing toward the middle." . . .

The writer, himself a wage earner, has little sympathy with the A. F. of L. type of labor unionism. It has a foreign base unnatural to the fundamental American economic ideal, viz.: that some measure of proprietorship is possible to all. Find a true American and you will find in him a yen to have a business of his own, be it a hot-dog stand, a farm, or an enterprise like Henry Ford's. The gradations naturally fall into the various ways of shouldering and sharing the responsibilities of industry. If you will be honestly penetrating you will find that the acceptance and persistence of the company union lives on this principle, rather than the domination of the employer. In this individualistic proprietorship tendency is the reason also that strikes get so little popular sympathy. In the better classes of business, the decade before the New Deal produced a real constructive unity between employers and their employees. Their welfare was a mutual thing. The fruit of this harmony was Booster Clubs and profit sharing, and had this been encouraged to develop we would be able to see ahead a brighter prospect for industrial peace.

If the waste which there is to the workers in union dues was pooled into governmentally supervised trusts and invested in common stocks, then labor would have a rightful weapon for participating in management; codes would not be germane at all. If the social planners and we working people were at all smart we would in this typically American way maneuver ourselves into a position where we would not need or want to strike. But we are not very smart; that is why we are only planners or working people.

Lee H. Smith

New York, N. Y.

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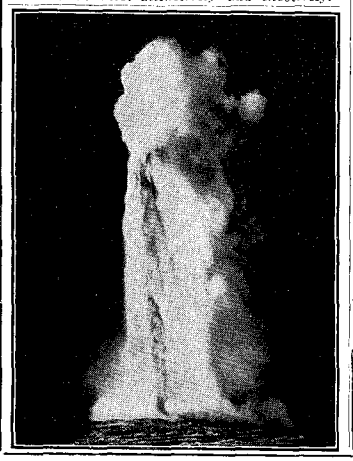

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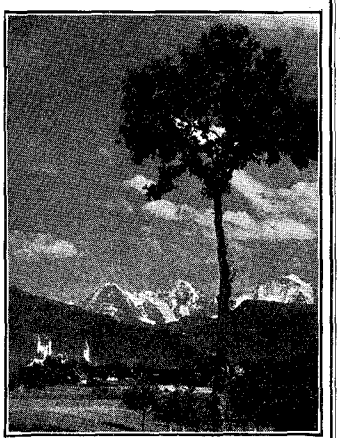

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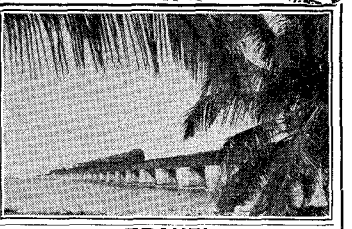

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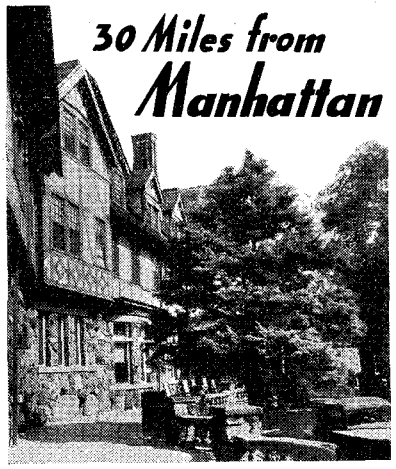

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OUR ROSTRUM

Science and the Criminal

To the Editor:

. . . I have read this article ["Science Gets the Confession," by Henry Morton Robinson, January FORUM] with a very great deal of interest.

At the last meeting of the State Police Executives' Association, the entire time of one committee was devoted to the study of science in its application to police work, and each of the scientific methods and devices mentioned in the article was reported on.

Science has its very definite field in police work, which, however, is not limited to these devices but is further applied in identification of every kind of material and the revelation of sources, processes, distribution, and application of all such materials. These developments are equally important in the obtaining of confessions.

The application of science in police work is rapidly increasing, and your article gives an excellent presentation of some of the developments in this direction. Continued developments and applications are of great interest to the police and deserve every encouragement. . . .

H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF
Colonel and Superintendent,
New Jersey State Police
Trenton, N. J.

To the Editor:

I have read the article . . . with a great deal of interest.

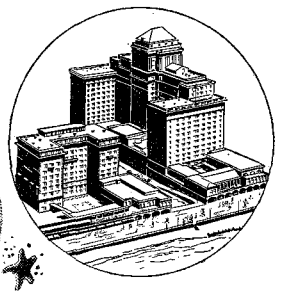
The Pennsylvania State Police have been using the Keeler Polygraph with success: its principal value is the time saved through the elimination of suspects that would eventually prove to be innocent after an exhaustive investigation.

It has been the experience of the Pennsylvania State Police that confessions obtained in any manner are not very valuable as evidence because they are nearly always repudiated by the confessee, and in nearly every case the defense is set up that the confession has been obtained under circumstances that make it valueless as evidence. It is a peculiar fact that, when the accused sets up a defense of this nature, jurors nearly always believe the defendant, even when the police testify that no illegal methods have been used. I personally know of numerous cases in which confessions were obtained in a perfectly legal manner without any use of force or intimidation and were repudiated by criminals who testified that the police had brutally obtained the same by physical torture.

The psycho-galvanometer has not been used or tested up to this time by the Pennsylvania State Police.

The word-association tests have been used with varying degrees of success.

The scopolamin method has not had a



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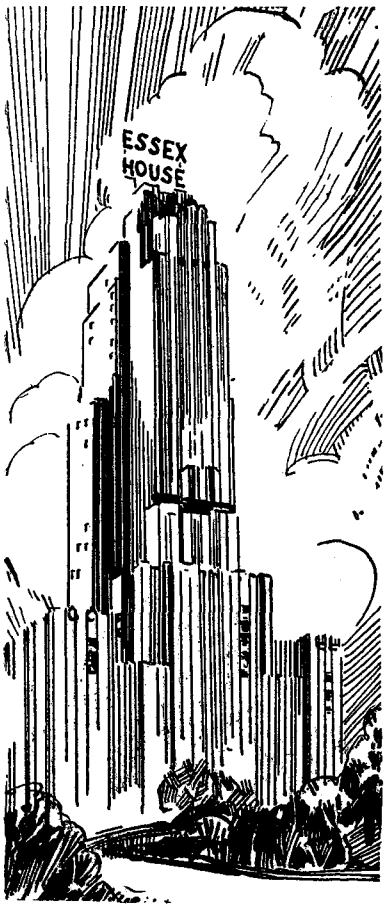

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OUR ROSTRUM

trial because we can find no legal means of using it. The criminal invariably refuses to submit to its use, on the grounds that its use carries with it a certain amount of jeopardy. There is no doubt as to its effectiveness, as a member of the Pennsylvania State Police Force has submitted to the test for experimental purposes, with results very similar to those described in Mr. Robinson's article. . . .

LYNN G. ADAMS
Superintendent, State Police
Harrisburg, Pa.

THE WAR ON CRIME

To the Editor:

I read with interest your editorial foreword on crime in this country ["The Revolt against Crime," January FORUM].

No matter what is done by our governmental authorities, naturally crime to some extent will always remain with us. It would seem that all thinking people must be in accord with the statement that great responsibility rests upon the home, the school, and the Church, and the legal profession. Any substantial permanent relief, especially from crimes of violence, will require the utmost support from these institutions. After all, we are a comparatively young nation and naturally confronted with many problems brought about through building a new nation for a people who have gathered here from all parts of the world; we cannot wait until we have achieved the age of the older countries to attain the benefits of a homogeneous people. . . .

JOSEPH B. KEENAN
United States Assistant Attorney General
Washington, D. C.

To the Editor:

. . . I have but one suggestion, and that is that more emphasis should be placed upon the complicated nature of the whole problem of crime and the necessity of serious and intelligent study. . . . Even on such things as the amount of crime we are lacking very definite knowledge. . . . Moreover, the various parts of our vast country present quite strikingly different situations and problems, and conclusions reached as to metropolitan New York or Chicago are not valid as to rural communities or states. Even the study and treatment of the mentally diseased must progress much further, as several recent brutal crimes, obviously the products of insane minds, so clearly demonstrate. We need to have an aroused public opinion, one which does not content itself with clamors for shooting to kill but demands an intelligent and informed and persistent attack upon the problem as a whole.

CHARLES E. CLARK
Dean, Yale University School of Law
New Haven, Conn.

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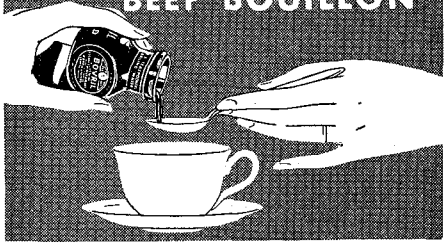

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TOASTS

FRANCES PERKINS' long and honorable career in pursuit of solutions for industrial and social problems, culminating in her appointment as Secretary of Labor in the Roosevelt Cabinet, is too well known to require lengthy comment here.

MADAME CHIANG KAI-SHEK is the wife of the Chinese general of the same name, renowned for his conquests in the movement for a new China. Madame Kai-Shek, who contributed to THE FORUM'S series on "What Religion Means to Me," is usually credited with converting her husband to Christianity.

RUSSELL HOLT PETERS, a graduate of Cornell and a former Rhodes scholar, pursues his investigations of America's traffic jams on the highways and at the grade crossings in the intervals between his work on an Omaha, Nebraska, newspaper.

MARY M. COLUM forsook New York in December for the delights of a winter in the South.

ANN PRESTON CARTER is, as she states in her article, the wife of an associate professor of political science in a state university, who is also a writer. Her name, however, is not Ann Preston Carter.

LOUIS PAUL was the winner of the O. Henry Memorial short-story prize for 1934, and he has had two novels accepted for publication this year. His prize-winning story and "Lay Me Low!" are the only Negro stories he has written, and he says he is thinking of using the theme of the latter in a musical play.

LOWELL BRENTANO'S career has not been in the publishing business (from which he retired in 1933) alone, for he is the author or co-author of a dozen novels, plays, and moving pictures, as well as magazine articles. "Between Covers," the title of his present series for THE FORUM, is also the title of a play about the publishing business which he hopes will be produced in the near future.

J. BLAKE LOWE is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, and is a vice president of the Equitable Trust Company of that city. He has written on financial subjects.

ALICE CURTICE MOYER-WING was the first woman in the State of Missouri to head a state department, in this case that of Industrial Inspection. Recently she has been occupied with relief problems in the Ozarks.

GUTZON BORGLUM, sculptor, painter, and author, is perhaps best known as the designer of monumental outdoor sculptures in the natural rock.

ANDERSON M. SCRUGGS, who lives in Atlanta, Georgia, is the author of a volume of poems entitled *Glory of Earth.*

J. B. RHINE is Associate Professor of Psychology at Duke University, Durham, North Carolina.

DORA AYDELOTTE is a native of the middle-western rural country about which she writes so charmingly.

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THE
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AND · CENTURY

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

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SCIENCE TURNS TO THE SUPERNATURAL

Aldous Huxley

Fifty-two years have passed since the founding of the London Society for Psychical Research. Mr. Huxley presents a shrewd and unbiased review of this half century of patient work and shows why materialists must now realize that psychic phenomena are no longer "black magic" but a subject for serious scientific inquiry.

QUICK WATSON, THE CAMERA!

Henry Morton Robinson

Almost anyone with eyes in his head can remember a picture that may lead to the capture of a wanted criminal. With this fact in mind, police and criminologists are making a vigorous appeal to the "pictorial capacity" of the eye in tracking down the enemies of society. Here is an exciting account of the pictorial man hunts which have led to the capture of many notorious criminals, along with an absorbing description of other miracles the camera performs in crime detection.

THE YEAR OF THE BOAR

James A. B. Scherer

Japan's ancient time system ran in cycles of twelve years, each named for an animal. 1935 is the Year of the Boar, and the boar is a symbol of militancy honored by all Japanese warriors. Is this symbol prophetic of what 1935 will bring for Japan — and for America?

THE NOVEL IN 1935

Mary M. Colum

Next month Mrs. Colum will discuss twelve books from the spring fiction list in the penetrating style for which her FORUM articles are noted.

WHO CREATES CRIMINALS?

Garry C. Myers

It is a popular belief that most of our criminals come from underprivileged classes. Mr. Myers doesn't think so; he argues that many come from the upper strata of society and that one reason for this is that parents have been perverted by modern theories of child raising, and that when they spare the rod they fail to give their children a necessary kind of discipline.

PLOWING UNDER THE PEDANTS

Dixon Wecter

In "Poor Professors," in the February FORUM, Ann Preston Carter bewailed the lot of the college instructor doomed to struggle for a livelihood and raise a family on a salary which is never munificent and is often pitifully inadequate. Mr. Wecter takes issue with Mrs. Carter and explodes the balloon-like myth of the hard-working, idealistic, underpaid professor. Most professors are lazy, he says, they talk twice as much as they work, and few of them deserve a copper penny more than they get.

NEW LIFE IN CHINA

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

The long-suffering population of most of China was reduced to a state of incredible misery by three hundred years of oppression, revolution, and foreign aggression. But to-day the picture has changed, and the New Life movement under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek is restoring the national morale by preaching a return to the virtues that once made China great.

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

THE AMERICAN DIPLOMATIC GAME, by Drew Pearson and Constantine Brown (Doubleday, Doran, $3.00). As in *Washington Merry-go-Round*, of which Mr. Pearson was co-author, a spirit of cynical irreverence animates this account of America's foreign relations since the war. Experienced journalists both, Mr. Pearson and Mr. Brown spice their backstairs anecdotes with comments which are more searching than their surface flippancy would indicate. Entertaining as it is, *The American Diplomatic Game* has a tragic tale to tell — namely, the failure and frustration of efforts for world peace. It starts off with the inside story of the Kellogg Pact, continues with the disarmament fiasco at Geneva and the London Economic Conference, and uses the Manchurian outbreak and the Gran Chaco war as illustrations of the futility of high-sounding resolves. Providing one is not devastated by the implications of their story, the Messrs. Pearson and Brown provide some excellent incidental circuses. They deflate one pompous silk hat after another and demonstrate how trivial incidents and rivalries can throw a monkey wrench into the best-planned diplomacy. This is a shrewd, knowing book, doubtless guilty of inaccuracies but certainly bitterly illuminating.

MEMORY OF LOVE, by Bessie Breuer (Simon & Schuster, $2.00). So tense and high-strung that it almost makes one flinch, this is the tale of a summer's passion which victimizes two people grotesquely ill-suited to one another. Alec, who tells the story, is the arrogant male personified. Wealthy, spoiled, egregiously smug about his sexual conquests, he falls in love with a neurotic and fiercely independent young artist who fights a thralldom she vaguely knows is degrading. To an uncanny extent Miss Breuer forces one to share the suffering of these two, but her book is marred because she never clarifies her attitude towards the unspeakable Alec. He is so much a cad and a weakling that even Miss Breuer cannot persuade one to sympathize with him nor to regard his fate as tragic. However much she may secretly condemn him, she takes her hero too seriously. *Memory of Love* is, nevertheless, an original and galvanizing book. Once read it will not be lightly forgotten.

SOLD OUT TO THE FUTURE, by Roy Helton (Harper, $2.50). With a beautiful disregard for the minutiae of logic, Mr. Helton, novelist and poet, has produced a brand-new philosophic theory which is going to sound tempting to a lot of people. All our troubles, says Mr. Helton, come from "future-chasing." Foolishly we have saddled ourselves with long-term debts and ridiculous commitments of all kinds to the day after tomorrow. Careless of the fact that no man can predict the future, we spend ourselves on Utopian programs which our children may reject with disgust. We have mortgaged our present instead of living it fully and enjoying it. Mr. Helton, a singularly provocative writer, scores a good many direct hits, but his general argument is so riddled with loopholes that the entertainment value of his book is higher, one suspects, than its utility.

MARY POPPINS, by P. L. Travers (Reynal & Hitchcock, $1.50). Properly, this is no more a children's book than is *Alice in Wonderland* or any other classical nonsense. If you are too old to respond to Mary Poppins, the magical nursemaid, you had better draw in your toes and go on a diet of weak tea. The four fortunate young Bankses, who were in Mary Poppins' charge, learned without undue astonishment that she could talk the language of animals and birds, that she could rise in the air if she so chose, that her intimates were folks from the zoo and fabulous star children and cows who could dance and jump over the moon. They knew her as strict but just, fallibly vain, endlessly intriguing and surprising. When she left them — because a west wind was blowing — their nursery was desolate and bereaved. Miss Travers, who writes the English language with deftness and delicacy, has produced a book so enchanting that her readers will feel as bereft as Jane and Michael if Mary Poppins does not return.

HUMAN EXPLOITATION, by Norman Thomas (Stokes, $2.75). Unlike most of Mr. Thomas' books this relentlessly factual survey is only indirectly a plea for socialism. It is his purpose to prove that great masses of Americans are wantonly exploited under capitalism and that their plight, even in times of so-called prosperity, is shocking and unenviable. Mr. Thomas describes the conditions under which men work in this country: the virtual peonage of the share croppers, the penury and insecurity of the miners, the bondage of women and children, the dilemma of the consumer and the "little owner." He shows how natural resources are wasted and perverted and how the

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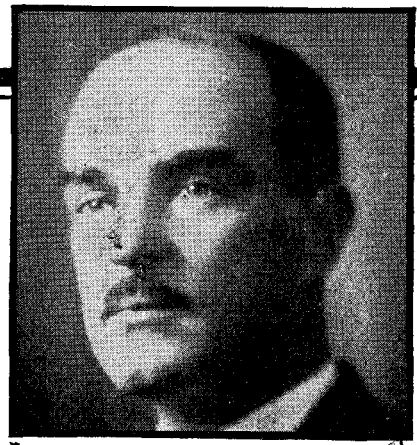

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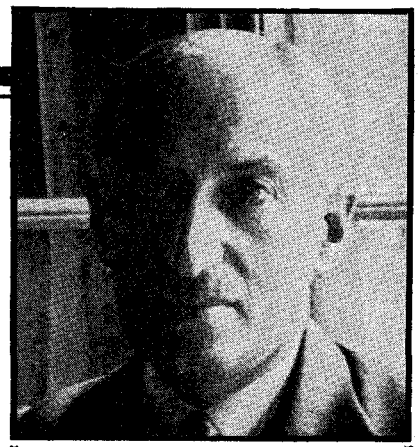

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Who Said It?

On pages 190 and 191 of this issue will be found a detailed announcement of the FORUM's $1,000.00 prize contest: *Who Said It?*

The object of the contest is to trace to their source six sets of ten quotations each. Three additional sets will be printed in the three succeeding issues.

There are twenty-six monthly prizes in all and a Sweepstakes prize of $500.00.

It is not too late to enter the *Who Said It?* Contest!

See pages 190, 191.

THE BOOK PARADE

man on the street is mulcted by forces he hardly understands. In easily comprehensible terms Mr. Thomas has painted a wide and devastating picture of America as a whole, with special emphasis on the human element. It is the more impressive because he has reduced propaganda to a minimum, and has let the cruel facts speak for themselves.

CHANGING ASIA, by Egon Erwin Kisch (Knopf, $3.00). An Austrian journalist with a substantial reputation in Europe, Kisch records his impressions of the strange soviet republics of Central Asia. He went to such legendary places as Samarkand and Bokhara; he visited Tajik, Uzbek, and Turkomen and found Mongol and Mohammedan customs existing side by side with the new freedom and the new industrial enlightenment. Everywhere, he claims, the inhabitants of these half-forgotten realms have benefited by soviet rule and he accumulates impressive evidence to show how poverty, ignorance, and disease are fast vanishing. Admirably illustrated and necessarily full of colorful material, the book suffers somewhat from an overloading of facts and a not particularly persuasive style.

LAND OF PROMISE, by Leo Lania (Macmillan, $2.50). This uneven but curiously effective story is better documented than most of the anti-Nazi novels. Esther Mendel and her father, a devout Jew, flee from a pogrom in the Ukraine to what they believe is security and freedom in Berlin. They live through the revolution, the inflation, and finally the Hitler triumph, learning bitterly as events progress that their land of promise has betrayed them. The plight of liberal German youth is the dominant theme of the book, and Mr. Lania has concentrated with unusual force and detail upon the feverish psychology of postwar Germany. His novel is somber and often awkwardly constructed, but it is easily one of the best of its kind.

THE ECONOMIC CONSEQUENCES OF THE NEW DEAL, by Benjamin Stolberg and Warren Jay Vinton (Harcourt, Brace, $1.00). A brilliant pamphlet, written in the best polemic tradition, this is as succinct a statement as one could wish of left-wing charges against the New Deal. Mr. Roosevelt, say the authors, is facing an insoluble dilemma. He is trying to strike a balance between Big Ownership and the common man — and the interests of these two are irreconcilable. Bolstering their thesis with crisp, concrete statistics, Mr. Stolberg and Mr. Vinton claim that the rich are getting richer and the poor growing poorer. They echo the conservatives in believing that confused purposes are at work — though conservatives, if

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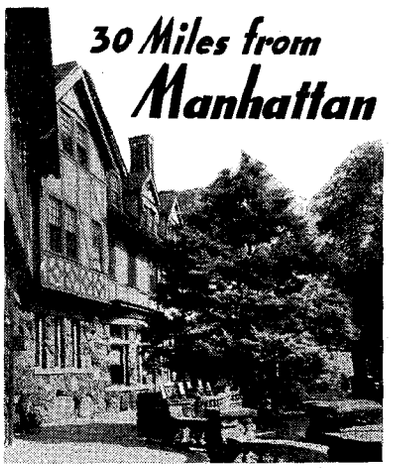

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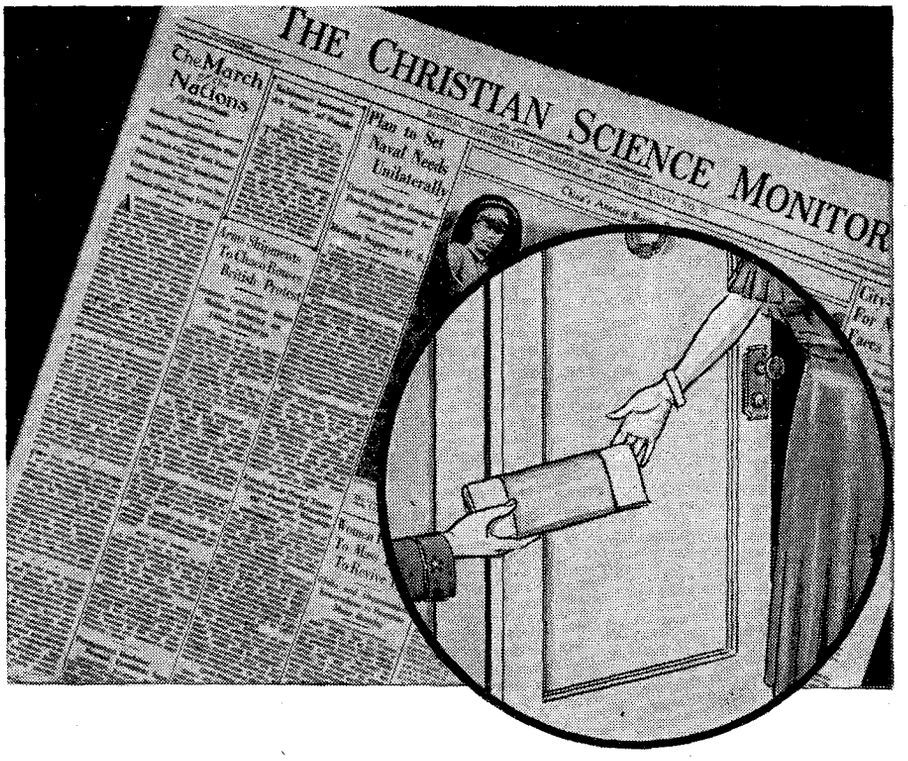
THE BOOK PARADE

they read this book carefully, will realize that the premises are different.

OUTWARD BOUND FROM LIVERPOOL, by Edouard Peisson (Stokes, $2.00). The sinking of a luxury liner on her maiden voyage is the climax of this revealing story about an attempt to capture the record for the transatlantic crossing. Mr. Peisson takes the reader up on the bridge and lets him see the tragedy develop in the minds of the captain and the officers, who bear the double strain of obeying orders from the owners and regarding the lives of passengers, in the face of increasing danger. This is a "must" book for people who think more should be done to ensure safety at sea.

THE TRANSIENTS, by Mark Van Doren (Morrow, $2.00). However one takes it, whether as fairy tale or allegory, this first novel of Mr. Van Doren's is a curious, elusive, rather puzzling book showing unmistakable evidence that it was written by a poet. Two shining beings from another world visit this earth for a while, win and reject the love of mortals, live together for a brief space as human man and wife, and then return to the strange realm whence they came. Mr. Van Doren's imaginative fable is too cloudy in conception to be altogether successful, but the purity and distinction of his prose does much to make *The Transients* memorable.

RATS, LICE AND HISTORY, by Hans Zinsser (Little, Brown, $2.75). After two hilarious introductory chapters, in which he mischievously sprinkles cracker crumbs of erudition upon the feather beds of neurosis-conscious biographers and such professionally literary figures as James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and T. S. Eliot, Dr. Zinsser proceeds in the following ten chapters to scatter morsels of opinion and information more pertinent to the subject of his book — the life history of typhus fever — which he polishes off in the last four chapters. This digressive method of approach, he admits, was inspired by Laurence Sterne's merry meanderings before *Tristram Shandy* caught up with its hero. However, Dr. Zinsser's digressions, unlike Sterne's, are primarily for purposes of explanation, rather than amusement. But there is enough evidence, here and there, of the scientific mind on a spree to make the going easy through sections on parasitism in general, diseases of the ancient world, and the influence of epidemic diseases on political and military history — which the author believes, quite rightly, has never been given proper consideration by historians and sociologists. *Rats, Lice and History* is a distinct departure from the romance-of-medicine type of book, so prevalent during the past ten years. There is no rose-colored glass in Dr. Zinsser's microscope. This fact alone should insure his success.



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THE BOOK PARADE

THE OLD BOAT ROCKER, by William S. Mudd (Dodd, Mead, $1.50). "To our country, right or wrong; but with the prayer that the day is not far distant when she will get right" reads the dedication of Mr. Mudd's amusing book on the economic opinions of the inhabitants of a small southern town. Although this compendium of humor and horse sense is aimed to strike a responsive chord in the hearts of die-hard conservatives, it should also give merrily-we-roll-along liberals something to think about, providing they are liberal enough to read it.

THE WORLD WENT MAD, by John Brophy (Macmillan, $2.50). Although nominally concerned with an English family named Crellin, Mr. Brophy's novel is actually a series of kaleidoscopic views of a world at war. Soldiers on various fronts, profiteers at home, mourning women, old folk dazed and bereaved — all these are part of a pattern which Mr. Brophy describes with searing irony. Most of his chapters would serve as independent short stories, but all are integrated by his sense of the futility and ignominy of war. He writes well, and his episodes are sharply imagined, though his jerky, discontinuous method is not always as effective as it might be.

IMAGES OF EARTH: GUATEMALA, by Agnes Rothery (Viking, $3.00). Providing one does not ask too much of it, this unconventional travel book is distinctly engaging. Miss Rothery goes no further than surface impressions and is blandly uninterested in the politics and economics of Guatemala. Her vignettes of Indian life, her retelling of old legends, her descriptions of exotic scenery and ancient ruins have, however, an intimate charm. One could wish that she had omitted the sentimental and stilted short stories, illustrative of Guatemalan life, which take up so much of her space, but when she is the observer pure and simple her book is both delightful and rewarding.

HORNET'S NEST, by Helen Ashton (Macmillan, $2.50). Even doctors can err — and the consequences of one such error are the theme of this fast, exciting tale. Sarah Morland was a mousy little woman, seemingly innocent of troublemaking, but when her appendicitis operation went wrong she threw the whole town of Stoneminster into a turmoil and nearly ruined the careers of the three doctors involved. The young surgeon who is the hero of the book is finally exonerated and, after initial wavering, gets the right girl, but there are enough complications to keep up perpetual suspense. Scarcely a profound novel, *Hornet's Nest*, by the author of *Doctor Serocold*, is a shrewd and interesting one.

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THE MAN ON THE BARGE, by Max Miller (Dutton, $2.50). In precisely the same vein as his previous books Mr. Miller tells the story of a man, John, who became captain of a fishing barge off the coast of California. A college graduate, but careful to conceal it, he ministered to miscellaneous strangers who arrived by shore-boat to fish and drink and chatter their secrets away. Full of barbed, ironic sketches and the flavorsome observations for which Mr. Miller is noted, this is neither a novel nor a book of essays but a suave blending of both. By this time the method is perhaps too familiar, though the book itself is good.

CONDORCET, by J. Salwyn Schapiro (Harcourt, Brace, $3.50). To illustrate "the rise of liberalism in France" Mr. Schapiro has concentrated on a man who, though a secondary figure in the movement, represented perfectly all the beliefs that movement stood for. Condorcet was the most typical of the French *philosophes*. Nobly born, an active figure in the Revolution, he went even further than his fellows, by advocating the rights of women, universal free education, social legislation, birth control, and other ideas of the most advanced variety. Had Condorcet possessed the stylistic brilliance of a Rousseau or a Voltaire, it seems evident that he would not have needed this rescue from oblivion with which Mr. Schapiro so ably provides him.

AMERICAN FAMILY, by Faith Baldwin (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00). Widely known as a purveyor of slick and timely tales about office wives, young executives, and other white-collar gals, Miss Baldwin has suddenly executed an about-face and written a sober, conscientious novel of three generations. David Condit's parents had gone to China as missionaries in 1862; he was born there, and intended to return for the rest of his days, after he had completed his medical training. Unfortunately, his spoiled, neurotic, selfish little wife found that she could not endure the rigors of China, and David, abandoning his dream, turned country doctor in a small town in upper New York State. There were compensations, especially in his second marriage, and the book ends on a note of mature contentment. *American Family* is going to be a big surprise to Miss Baldwin's usual public.

THE SANCROFT SISTERS, by Beatrice Curtis Brown (Putnam, $2.50). A cool, reflective, very intelligent book, this is a story of three English sisters who puzzled their way with some difficulty through their troublesome twenties. The real heroine is Joanna, who drifted from one semi-literary job to another and was late in learning that one must not depend too much on other people. Miss Brown lacks warmth and is even at times a little stilted, but she has a genuine appreciation of the kinds of problems which beset young women with vaguely intellectual leanings.

THE HARSH VOICE, by Rebecca West (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Four miniature novels, all a trifle overclever, form the glittering contents of this book. A refined murder story is perhaps the best of the lot, but on the whole Miss West has made a mistake in applying a high polish to unworthy material. *The Harsh Voice*, though unquestionably entertaining, will be a disappointment to the people who take Miss West seriously.

LETTERS FROM JOHN GALSWORTHY 1900-1932, edited by Edward Garnett (Scribner, $2.50). Before he attained full maturity of his powers, Galsworthy submitted all his work to Mr. Garnett's criticism. The two men were warm and lifelong friends, and their correspondence contains much material which no devotee of Galsworthy can afford to miss. Especially recommended are the letters which contain a lively argument about *The Man of Property*. N.B.: Mr. Garnett won his point.

THIS WANDERER, by Louis Golding (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). The versatile Mr. Golding has here produced a strange miscellany of tales, many of them fantasies and all of them ripely romantic. He whisks one about at an alarming pace, from Bessarabia and Provence to London and the Scotch moors, and, though none of his ingenious yarns will linger long in the memory, his artistry and his wealth of invention do much to make his efforts admirable.

THE DOCTOR IN HISTORY, by Howard W. Haggard (Yale University Press, $3.75). From its crude beginnings among the medicine men of the Cro-Magnon people down to its latest manifestations in modern laboratories, Dr. Haggard traces the development of the art of healing. It is a fascinating, at times weird, history, often leading into such strange channels of man's ignorance and superstition that it seems a wonder he did not precede the dodo in extinction by several centuries. But Dr. Haggard is able to point out significant medical discoveries, even in his darkest chapters, and brings man safely through to the last page, a healthier and a wiser creature for his generations of blundering in the dark.

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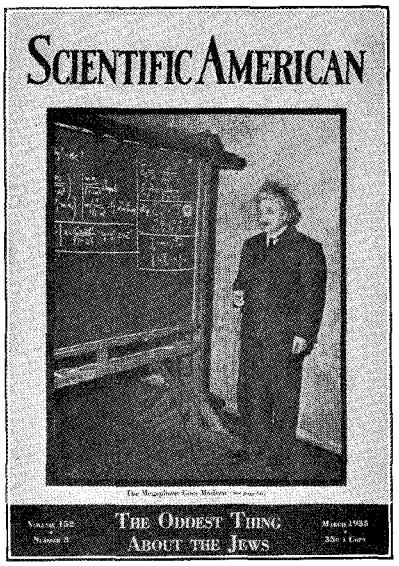

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Scientific Facts About Jews: Dr. Victor M. Eisenstein reveals little known scientific facts about Jews. Why they have some diseases more and others less than Gentiles.

Making Good Pictures: Jacob Deschin shows how through scientific enlargement good photographs can be produced from negatives of doubtful merit.

Science Makes a Tree: R. G. Skerrett tells of Dr. Ralph H. McKee's successful development of Hybrid Trees that grow from 10 to 14 times faster than natural. It is a boon to farmers, paper makers, lumbermen, and the public.

A Star Swells Up and Bursts: Dr. Henry Norris Russell, eminent astronomer, describes Nova Herculis, the recent "new" star, 20,000 times as bright as the Sun.

Modern Design Proves Profitable: Philip H. Smith interviewed more than a score of modern designers and manufacturers who tell how art and Science produce better products for the public.

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THE BOOK PARADE

NOT MINE TO FINISH, by Genevieve Taggard (Harper, $2.00). Fastidious, subtle, distinctly intellectual, Miss Taggard's poetry cannot be skimmed carelessly, nor is it full of musical tags which linger in the mind. It must be read with complete seriousness and attention, lest its rich, intricate meanings escape. Very subjective, its quality can best be gauged by "Evening Love-of-Self," the longest poem in the book and perhaps the best. Miss Taggard, who wrote her biography, has something of Emily Dickinson's inbrooding temperament.

A HOUSE DIVIDED, by Pearl Buck (John Day, $2.50). Completely contemporary as it is, the third volume of Mrs. Buck's trilogy challenges sharper, more informed judgment than her other books. Yuan, son of Wang the Tiger and grandson of old Wang Lung who tilled "The Good Earth," is specifically a symbol for young China in transition. A sensitive, brooding, rather pallid youth, Yuan becomes mildly involved in revolutionary activities, spends six years at an American university, and, on his return, has a hard time of it trying to reconcile the old ways and the new. He is a straddler between two worlds, torn in his emotional allegiance, unable to make a bold, clear-cut decision in favor of either. Yuan is made of flimsier stuff than either his father, the war lord, or his grandfather, the farmer, and one trusts, for China's sake, that he is not really typical of educated youth. Mrs. Buck does well by her pictures of westernized seacoast towns, of a country in ferment, but the elaborately Biblical prose which she insists upon using is sadly inappropriate in the present instance. Regrettable, too, is her studied lack of explicitness. Her new novel has many of the virtues of its predecessors, but modern China demands a different kind of treatment; the methods of her earlier novels do not suffice here.

THE ABBEY OF EVOLAYNE, by Paule Regnier (Harcourt, Brace, $2.00). Criticism of this austere novel is automatically perilous, since the reader will react to it in accordance with his religious beliefs. As a result of a casual visit to a Benedictine abbey, two worldly Parisians are converted to Catholicism. The man, going further, wishes to become a monk, and his wife — who loves him almost idolatrously — sacrifices herself in order that he may be released from his marriage vow. She becomes a nun, believing at the time that she too has a true vocation. When she discovers that love for her husband, not love for God, has actuated her, she leaves the convent. Her final end is tragic, and at long last her husband is faced with a truth he was too blind and selfish to see. The book is gravely moving, but it is doubtful whether all readers will interpret it as the author, who writes from a Catholic viewpoint, intends.

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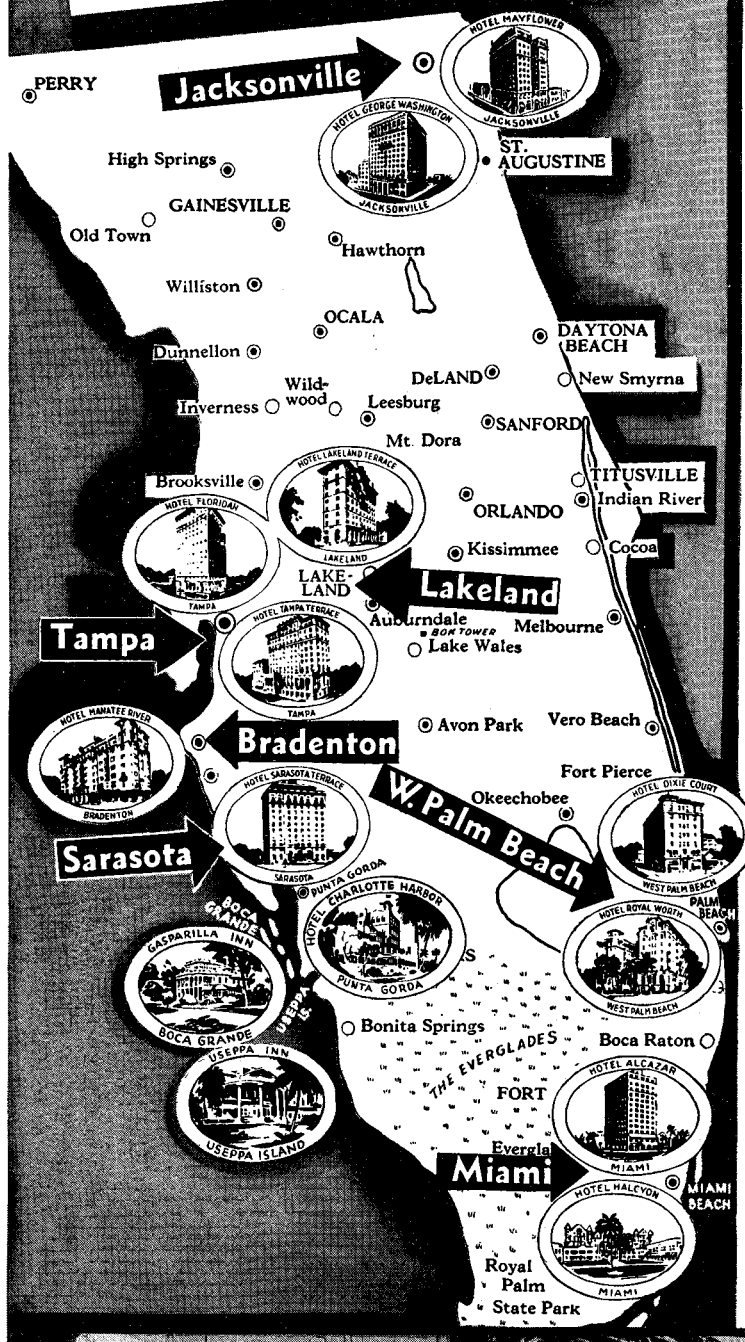

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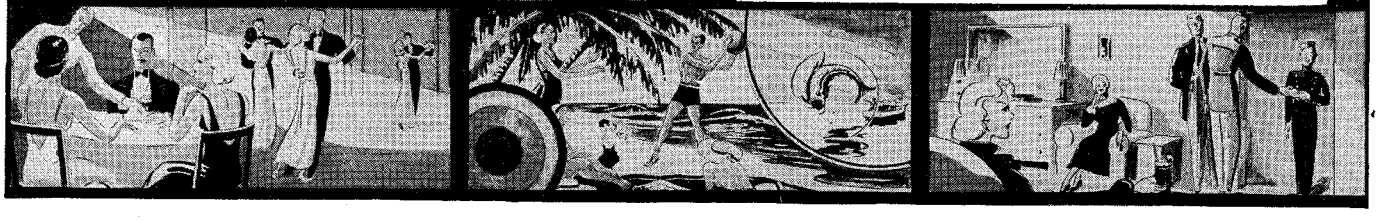

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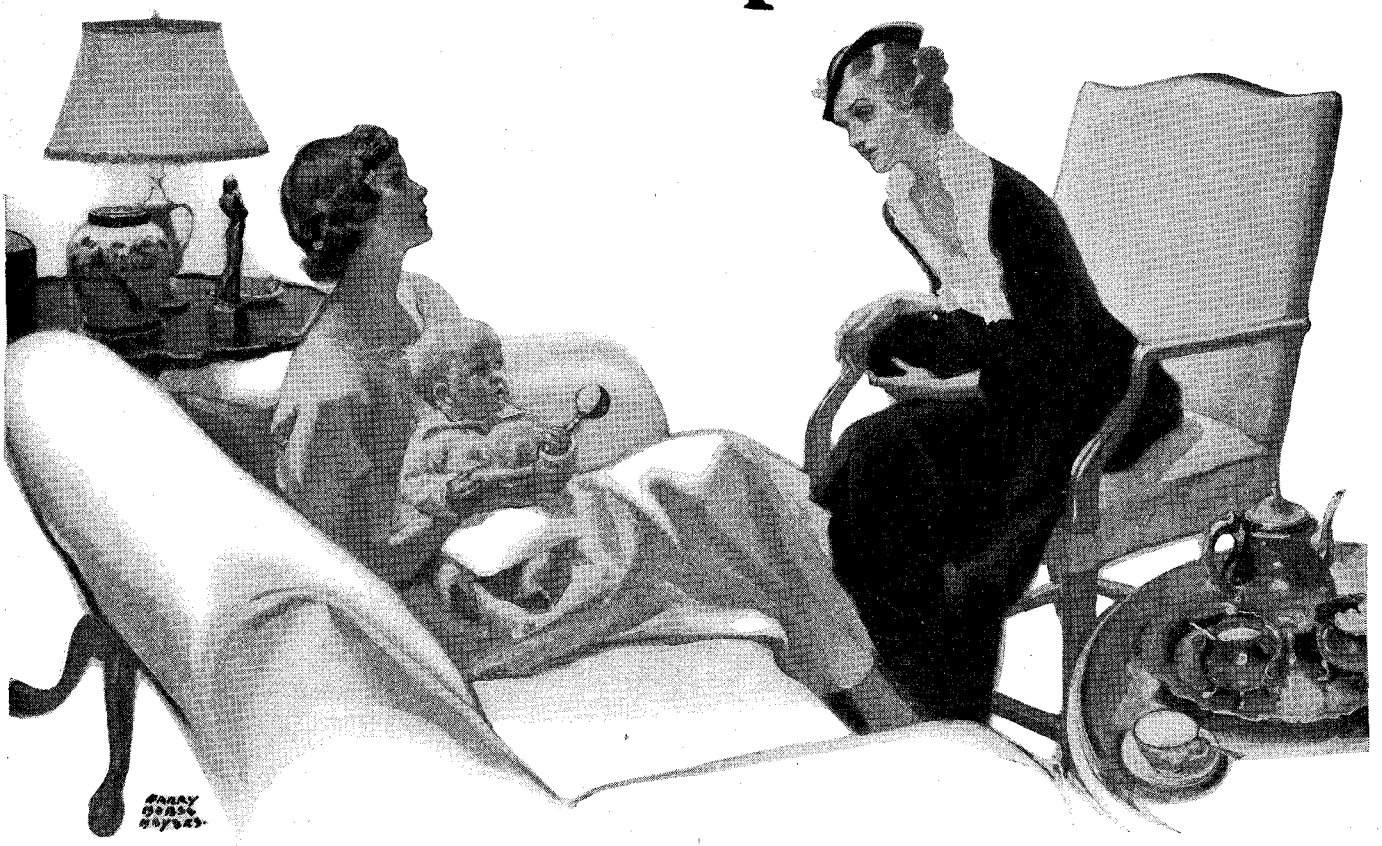

"The inoculation was perfectly simple. He didn't mind it a bit. This young man will never have diphtheria!"

THE number of deaths from diphtheria dropped, on an average, about 1,000 each year — approximately from 14,000 to 4,000—throughout the United States from 1923 until 1934. In those cities and towns where inoculation of pre-school children is the rule and not the exception, the danger from diphtheria is steadily decreasing. In fact there are many large communities where no deaths from diphtheria have occurred over a number of years.

Antitoxin, discovered years ago, was a partial victory over diphtheria. It usually relieved the severity of an attack of the disease and helped to save many lives. With the extensive development of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid inoculations, a preventive method for blotting out this disease has been found. All children should be protected against diphtheria when they have reached the age of six months. Inoculation gives the great majority complete and lasting immunity against the disease. Whether a child lives in the city or in the country, a nearby doctor can give him the inoculation.

Not all of the diphtheria tragedies are due to lack of information or to negligence on the part of parents. In some cases mothers are under the impression that their children are in no danger of contracting this disease because of the devoted care given them. They are reluctant to have their healthy children immunized. Parents should realize that the utmost care may not protect their boys and girls from this preventable disease. Successful inoculation in infancy will protect them.

Nearly two-thirds of the fatal results from diphtheria occur between the ages of six months and six years. Those who recover from an attack may even then be left with permanently damaged hearts. Inoculation is a simple matter, soon over with, and leaves no scar. If you have children of your own who have not been inoculated, protect them at once.

Metropolitan will mail, free, its booklet "Diphtheria and Your Child." Address Booklet Department 335-F.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

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